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MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.

BY
Minot Judson
M. J. SAVAGE.

Man, woman, child, — the true three in one; and that one the perfect humanity.

BOSTON:
GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
1884.

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The Gift of
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Dedicated

TO MY OWN CHILDREN, IN THE HOPE THAT
THEY MAY HELP TO REALIZE
MY IDEAL.

PREFACE.

THE demand for these discourses, as published in pamphlet, has made it seem best to reissue them at once in book form.

I had intended to prepare an introductory chapter somewhat at length. That would have enabled me to fill out and complete many points that now are only hinted at. In spoken discourse, many things are necessarily left incomplete: many positions are left apparently unguarded and open to easy attack. But, in spite of such defects, I have decided to leave them as they are. A discussion may be valuable as a provocative of thought and further study quite as much by what it does not say, or only suggests, as by an attempt at a more exhaustive treatment. The best service is rendered sometimes when people are only stirred up to think for themselves, and something is left for them to do in the way of solving their own problems.

M. J. S.

BOSTON, May, 1884.

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THE MAN.

THE most interesting as well as the most important object for human study is humanity itself. And yet, since man is the product, the flower and the fruit, of this great universe that surrounds us; since he is the last term, the result, of all the past; since he is woven as a thread into the warp and woof of the complex life of the present,— in order perfectly to comprehend him, we need to know *the all.* For no one thing in the universe exists independently of the rest, so that it can be detached and thoroughly studied and comprehended alone. Every unit is only a part of some larger aggregate. Each individual can be studied and comprehended only as he is related to the larger whole of which he is such a part.

Springing out of the total life of things and integrated into an organism by itself is the family; the true, the eternal trinity of man, woman, and child,— these three that, without any metaphysical distinctions or jugglery of terms, are really and forever one. And, in order to study the man and the woman and the child, we must consider them as parts of this larger organism. For the man is the man by virtue of the relationship in which he stands to the woman and the child; and the woman is the woman by virtue of the relationship in which she stands to the man and the child; and the child is the child by virtue of the relationship in which it stands to the man and the woman. Each is a

part of this larger whole; and their ideal must be discovered by finding out the relation in which they stand to these other parts.

It is indeed true, and it is a beneficent law, that almost anything that is alive can adapt itself to new and strange conditions within certain limits; and those limits are not very narrow. A man can live alone, therefore, and unrelated, to a certain extent; so a woman or a child can live alone and unrelated. Each one has the power of becoming adapted to this changed condition of things. A man, for example, can take on certain characteristics of a woman, fulfil certain functions usually performed by a woman; and a woman can acquire certain characteristics of a man; and the same holds true of a child, so far as either one of them is compelled by force of circumstances or by the leadings of choice. But as far as either one thus changes, so far does that one depart from the ideal type.

To illustrate what I mean, if you had never seen a steam-engine, and I should bring to your notice some special piece of its mechanism, you would not be able to understand it. You would not know what it was for. You would say, It is a part of a larger whole, and I must find out what this larger whole is before I can comprehend it. This shows what I mean, when I say we need to know how man is related, what part he plays and the function he performs in the family and in the wider life of which he is a part.

If one part of a steam-engine is broken, damaged, or removed, the engine, of itself, has no power to supply this which is lacking. But in all living organisms there is this recuperative power, this power of one organ to become modified or changed, so as to take on the function of another organ. If we go down amid the lower life of the world, we find this marvellous fact,— that, if we tear away even a whole limb, it

will grow again, such is the recuperative power and fulness of life. But when you come up to man, to a being so highly complicated, so complex in structure, this is no longer true. And yet it is true that, if some one organ of man be taken away or injured so that it cannot fulfil its function, if there is power of life enough left in the system, some other organ will be modified and changed in its structure, and will take upon itself the office of fulfilling the function of that which is removed. There have been cases, for instance, of one entire lung being destroyed or dying out, and of the other lung growing across the chest and filling up the place and doing the work of both. So, if a man loses his eyesight, some other sense becomes sharper, keener, capable of supplying the lack within certain limits, and fulfilling functions not natural to it in a perfectly developed and balanced human system.

This illustrates what I wish you to understand concerning the function and the nature of the man and the woman. A man can become changed, if he needs or chooses, so as to fill the place and do a large part of the work of the woman. So a woman can become changed and do the work of a man. And a child, bereft of father and mother, as we often see, can become suddenly and abnormally old, lose its childishness, and do the work that would naturally be deferred for many a year. But just in so far as man or woman or child departs from the type of manhood or womanhood or childhood, just so far do they become less manly, less womanly, less childlike. In order perfectly to understand them then, we must study them as related to each other.

My task this morning is to attempt to outline the manly ideal, to describe to you the manly function in the development of the world and of civilization, and to outline a few of the great and specific manly virtues.

In describing the part that man has played, the manly element, in the development of the world, of course I must go back of all and below all superficial or artificial distinctions. I shall not treat of man as belonging to one race rather than another. I shall not treat of him as belonging to one social class rather than another, whether noble or warrior or peasant. I shall not treat of him as belonging to some particular calling or occupation, as lawyer, banker, farmer. Of course, you will readily see that men are in the main modified to fit them for these peculiar conditions, callings, and occupations, and that there are certain virtues which attach themselves to the men who occupy them. There are, for instance, peculiar characteristics and qualities that belong to the German race as opposed to the French. There are certain characteristics, virtues, and qualities that belong to the ideal type of the nobleman, the soldier, and the peasant. Again, there are certain characteristics and corresponding virtues belonging to the lawyer as a lawyer, to the banker as a banker, to the merchant as a merchant, to the farmer as a farmer,— certain things that are very important for one to possess that are not especially important for the other. I must go behind these artificial distinctions, and must put my finger to-day on those things which are essential to man, of universal quality, the permanent characteristics of manhood, as distinguished from womanhood or childhood, in the development of the race.

I wish to point out three great functions that man has specifically fulfilled as man. I do not wish to be misunderstood as saying that woman has never played any part in these three great functions, for there are few qualities of any kind that to some extent are not common to all who are human. I simply wish to say that these are the qualities, the characteristics, the functions, which have been specialized, empha-

sized, and made more important as connecting themselves with the character of man in the history of human development.

In the first place, I mark one quality or function as prime, permanent, and universal. Man has always been, and so far as I can see must always be, what I mean when I call him the warrior or fighter, the combatant. And this is the very first essential function of the manly character in all the world.

Before there could be even the beginnings of civilization, man had to fight against and conquer the rough elements of a wild and savage nature,— subdue a place where he could stand with woman and child. Next, he had to contend with the wild beasts of the earth; and this conflict, although we cannot understand it without the help of the imagination, was very important in the early development of civilization. Man himself had but recently escaped from the condition of the animals. He had no weapons: only he had a little more cunning finger, and had a little more cunning brain, and so he became a warrior against the beasts that rose in competition with him. He had to fight with the wild beasts of the earth, in order to drive back brute rule and create the conditions of civilization. As late as the time of the Judges, long after the children of Israel left Egypt, we find the Bible speaking of the possibility of the children of Israel being driven out of the land of Canaan by the wild beasts, that increased so rapidly and developed such dangerous power. Then, he had to fight against hostile men, and so create around himself a sheltered spot, where he might build his home. If I were an artist, and could erect a monument idealizing the part that man has played in all history and through all time, I would picture him standing armed, with uplifted hand and watchful eye; while behind him, sheltered

by his power, should be the wife and the child, in the place of peace and repose which he had created for them. This quality of warrior has not ceased. The transformations of life have changed its characteristics, so that man needs not so much to fight with wild nature and beasts and hostile men, though now and again called upon to resume this, the most important function of his early career. Man still fights for a place in the world, for standing ground, for bread, for home, for an ideal civilization, for the conditions of education, for those dependent on him,—for all these he fights. This same warrior-like quality and element in him is still exercised, when he stands out in the midst of the great forces of nature, now as of old sheltering the home and those dependent upon him.

The next great function of manhood in the development of the world I will call that which has made him the explorer. After he had created for himself a standing place and built himself a home, the increase of this home, or the exhaustion of the conditions of life immediately about him, called him to go forth and find new regions to conquer, and to create new places of peace, quiet, and civilization, like the old. So that man has ever been starting out, and seeking for new fields, exploring the unknown; and, generally, these first expeditions have been confined to him alone. He goes forth as Columbus did, seeking a new world; as men of this country did in exploring the wilds of the West, and the new land beyond the mountains, with bands of men. When they have created the conditions of home, then the woman and the child follow after. So we find everywhere that man has less local attachment than woman, less love for the concrete, less sentiment in regard to old associations. Man adapts himself more easily to new conditions, and makes himself a new home with more ease than does the woman.

This same characteristic, or quality, has manifested itself in the higher regions of thought. It is man that has explored the new worlds of science, of philosophy, of religion. The man changes his belief much more readily than the woman. He more easily finds a home in the midst of new ideas. He cares less for the sentimental side of religion. He explores new realms of thought with delight; while he finds it hard to persuade his wife to follow, and stand by his side, until he has conquered and made familiar these new conditions. So man has been the explorer in realms of thought as well as in realms of nature.

One other thing: man has generally been what I will call the builder. He has built the home for the sake of the wife and child, and under the inspiration of this love. So that you may say that the wife and child are always the motive force, the mainspring, the inspiration of all grand things that man has done or will do. But still it is he that goes before, and works out, in the midst of the rough materials of life, these great results.

Man not only builds the home, but he does another thing, which only humanity has yet shown ability to do. A bird will modify its nest, if you change the conditions of the place where it must be built. It shows enough intelligence and adaptation to accomplish that; but no bird, no animal, ever yet created a new environment. You know the law of evolution,— how men and animals both became naturally adapted to their surroundings and the conditions of their life. If these conditions should suddenly be changed for the worse, it might mean human degradation, because man tends to adapt himself to any new conditions, whatever they may be; but he has also the power of a creator,— a power to take the conditions in the material world, in the social world, in the political world, and create a higher and grander environ-

ment, one above himself, one that will tend to lift him up. The peculiar functions that the manly element has played in the development of this world, then, I think, may fairly and philosophically be summed up,— though it would require more analysis and detail than I can possibly give to justify this statement,— as those of the warrior, the explorer, the builder, or creator.

Now, of course, it follows, according to the principles which I have already touched upon, that man, in fulfilling these great functions, has developed certain peculiar characteristics and qualities that have fitted him for them; and, therefore, certain great typical virtues have been developed as the results of the part he has played,— certain virtues that fit him to fulfil these functions in their completeness.

I wish, therefore, now to ask you to give me your attention, while I attempt to outline three or four specific manly virtues. Of course, you will understand, as I said a moment ago, that, by calling these manly, I do not say that women do not possess them to some extent and some degree. I do not deny that they are human qualities: they must be in a certain sense common to whatever is human. I only say that these are the typical, specific and peculiar manly virtues.

I cannot go into that infinity of detail which would be required to outline in full the virtues of the man. I only propose to call your attention to the three or four which are of so much importance that, like the sun in the heavens, they draw after themselves as satellites all lesser, minor virtues which belong to and distinguish the man.

What then are they, these peculiar, specific virtues of the manly character?

In the first place, *strength*, power; and this is the prime condition, the essential of everything else. Suppose, for example, that you should go with me down Boston Harbor,

and there we should be taken on board a magnificent steamship, and we should find it built after the finest model, complete and perfect in every part, except that there were no sails, and, as we go down into the hold, we should find no boiler, no screw, no paddle-wheels; you would say at once that, however finely she may be constructed, however perfect, however laden with all the wealth of the world, that the vessel is practically useless, for the simple reason that it lacks the power that might make these other things of practical value.

So you may construct a man, a very Apollo in his physical being, and you may put within him the finest structure of brain and heart, everything except that in some unaccountable way he shall lack force, strength, power, and he counts for nothing in life, for the reason that there is no motive force to bring these fine qualities into activity.

There must be, in the first place, a grand physical being,— blood, brawn, stomach, lungs,— a complete body. A disembodied spirit may be a fine thing somewhere, but it is not worth much in a world like this. It must be embodied, and embodied in power, before it can accomplish anything. Strength is the great prime quality of an ideal man,— not only this physical power, but brain power. Had I time, I could fill your thoughts and imaginations with illustrations from all the mighty names that shape the thinking of the world to-day, because of their mighty power. To name them would be to name the great men of the world.

To show how useless fine quality and ability may be without the physical strength, take a man like Keats. No man since Shakspere has possessed a finer poetical quality than he; yet his was largely a life of failure, cut off in the midst of his youth for the lack of this every-day thing we call physical strength.

In order, then, that man should have played the part that he has in the history of the world, the first great essential was strength. I take it that I shall not go far wrong, if I say that the one quality above all others which a woman naturally admires in a man, and the one she ought to admire, is power; because it is that which is the prime essential of all that he shall be able to do in the way of defending, sheltering, lifting her up, leading her on to that which is best and highest in human life.

With what admiration we look at typical, great examples of power,— not only of execution, but of patient endurance, like that of Palissy the potter, of Elias Howe, of Lincoln, of Paul! Ability to endure all things,— hardships, persecutions, enmity of friends, everything, and, having done all, to stand like a tower against the buffeting winds and tempests, — this is the first great virtue of manly character.

What is the next? One that naturally springs out of it,— *courage*, a courage that faces whatever must be faced, and dares unto the end. I thrill as I read the stories of mere physical courage that ennoble the history of humanity. I cannot read unmoved the story of that French officer who, when shot through both legs and told that one must be amputated, would not be bound, but sitting up on the table, smoking his cigar, without flinching suffered the operation; and then, when the surgeons told him that he must lose the other also, although he would rather have died than suffer it, told them to go ahead, and calmly suffered to the end. Such courage like this, even on the lowest level of life, is something to make us proud of men.

But, when you come to that higher region of moral, spiritual courage, how men tower above the world, and prove themselves fit to be masters! Who can read unmoved that ever familiar, because ever wondrous story of Martin Luther,—

how he stood facing Christendom, the pope, and all his hierarchy, the Emperor of Germany, all the powers of the world, the howling of the rabble, and, possessed by his high ideal, said: "So help me God, here I stand. I can no other"! Or when he said again, in those familiar words, "I will go to Worms, though there are as many devils there as there are tiles upon the house-tops." It is this moral courage that makes a man strong; and how much is it needed to-day! With admiration we confront it, when we find it. How it is needed in the Church, needed in every great moral and political reform! How much we need men who know that their course is true, and who dare take it, whatever the consequences! How much there is of truckling, of petty calculation, of ministers wondering whether, if they say what they know is true, the pews will bear it and pay his bills, whether the officers over him in the church will endure it! Oh, with what contempt I look upon a man, when he gets reduced to that!

It is courage that makes a man dare face all the problems of the world. How it is needed to-day to look through these great questions, upon which human destiny depends! What a lack of faith in the universe the lack of this courage reveals! It seems to me — let me speak it with all reverence — that, if God sits on the throne of the universe, if he possesses those qualities which we think are highest in man, he surely must have contempt, and contempt alone, for those who fear to stand and look the world and heaven in the face, and demand an answer to the great questions which thrill the thoughtful man. It seems to me that he must have an added respect for the man who dares to look into the sky and frankly say: I wish there were a God. I wish I could find some evidence of his existence, but I cannot. The universe is not governed as I would govern it; and, it seems

to me, there can be no king upon the throne. I say, then, that it seems as though God must respect a man who dares to look even him in the face, and speak the deepest truth of his heart. I certainly could never find it in my soul to worship a God who would hold it a crime worthy of punishment, were a man to be thus courageous and true.

The next great moral virtue is summed up in what seems to me, in some ways, the finest word in the world,— *honor*,— that which makes a man true to his ideal of himself, true to his enemies, true to his friends, true to those who are dependent upon him, true to any one, at whatever cost, whose secret of life or death should come into his possession,— the man who does not need to be put under oath, the man who resents it as an insult to be bound to be true.

This is so important a part of human nature, because it is that which, by its integrity, keeps the world together. It is the attractive force of the particles that make up this globe that makes the globe possible. It is by as much honor as there is in the family that there is a family, by as much honor as there is in society that there is society, by as much honor as there is in government that there is a government. This principle of honor is the cohesive power that holds the individual fragments of this larger and finer unity.

I have respect, so far as it goes, even for the prize-fighter, who is too honorable to strike below the belt. In that grade of life, it is admirable. To go up a little higher, to the level of that social state where duelling was considered reputable, I read with admiration of those characters who, believing that it was honorable, were true to the ideal of that condition; who would not strike a foe unwarned, unarmed; who would even give him the choice of weapons; who, when the sword was struck out of his hand, would wait until he had recovered it again, and said he was ready; who were true to

the ideal, though life hung in the balance. It is this same honor all through that makes the finest and noblest character of man.

How we admired, as boys, reading of the honor of a man like Regulus, who, having pledged his word to his enemy, goes home to Rome, and, because he believes it is for the interest of Rome, advises against the terms offered by the Carthaginians, and then goes back to keep his word, though he knows it is to a horrible death; the honor of a man like Sir Thomas More, standing true to his convictions while even his wife clung to his feet, pleading with him to be false for her sake and to save his life; who was honorable and true enough to stand, even at the sacrifice of all he loved!

The spirit of that noble despatch which, it is said, Francis I. sent to his mother, after the disastrous battle at Pavia,— "All is lost save honor,"— illustrates this principle. Is it not true that, if he kept his honor, he kept all that was essential to his being a king? If that be gone, no matter what else a man may have, the man is lost.

We need to cultivate this spirit of honor,— not a lawyer's honor, that says, I will be true to my position as a lawyer; not a banker's honor, a merchant's honor; but we need to have something higher and better than that, which shall include them all. That is, the honor of a man.

There is one other virtue that I must outline,— the crowning quality of all,— that is summed up in that very much abused word, *chivalry*, courtesy, the tenderness of strength. We look with admiration at such a piece of mechanism as a great trip-hammer, that can strike with the force of tons, and that yet is so delicately adjusted and balanced that it will crack a nut without crushing it. We admire the tenderness, the poise, the balance of mighty power, that yet reserves itself and tones itself to the utmost gentleness and courtesy

and tender care. And so it seems to me that this quality of chivalry is the one crowning quality of manhood. Many illustrations crowd upon me, that would tell you what I mean better than words of abstract definition. I have always been touched by that story of David; how, when he was in the cave of Adullam, fleeing from his adversaries, surrounded by the Philistines, he longed for a drink of water from the well by the gate of Bethlehem, his old home. How natural that longing seems! No other water would taste quite like that. How human it is! When one of my brothers was dying,— a strong young man, beyond anything of childishness,— he begged to be taken in an easy-chair into the old kitchen of the farm-house. And then he wanted to drink again from the pump in the corner, not from a tumbler or goblet, but from the old dipper that he used to drink out of, when he was well and strong, and came in from his work. That seemed to him then better than anything else in the world. I always think of that incident, when I read this story of David, who wanted a drink from the old well at home in Bethlehem, by the gate. Though it was in the hands of the Philistines, he rashly expressed a wish for it; and three of his strong guard — brave men — leaped from his side, against his protest, took their lives in their hands, rushed through the bands of the Philistines, drew water from the well, and brought it to him. But, when he held it in his hand, he said: "I will not drink it. It is the blood of the men who took their lives in their hands to gratify my whim." And he poured it out upon the ground. This chivalry, this nobility, was akin to that which Sir Philip Sidney showed at the battle of Zutphen, when, shot through the leg and mortally wounded, hobbling a mile to his tent, thirsty and ready to faint, he asked for water; and, when with difficulty it was brought to him, as it was at his lips, he saw a common soldier look-

ing wistfully at it, with the dying thirst in his eyes, and he said: "Give it to him. His necessity is greater than mine."

Such was the courtesy of Alexander the Great — an oasis in the wilderness of the devastation of those old times — toward the mother of Darius, his conquered foe. When brought to him, he treated her with all the tenderness he could have bestowed on his own mother.

If I were asked to choose the typical, the sweetest, and finest example of one having all these virtues, I should select Jesus. Think of the courtesy he showed to the fallen woman, that came and bathed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair,— a woman whom all others cast out, and would not speak to! How with all gentleness and delicacy he treated her, lifting her up to the plane of her lost womanhood once more! Jesus is sometimes spoken of as very feminine, just because of the excess of this gentleness and courtesy. And this idea is helped on by the pictures that give him hair parted in the middle, long locks that curl down to his neck, and a sweetness of face peculiar to woman; but this is artist's work. The Jesus of the Gospels, of history, was no such man as that. He was strong with the power to endure and to do. He had courage enough to face death, to speak words of principle and truth, when even his peculiar followers fled and left him alone,— courage enough to face the cross. And yet, along with these grand qualities of manhood, there was this rare courtesy and gentleness to all men, women, and children,— the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been displayed.

Strength, courtesy, honor, courage,— these, then, are the qualities which, with other virtues akin to these, and which circle about them, make up the ideal man.

Strength, like a tower, to stand
  Howe'er the tempest blows;
Strength that still bears right on
  Whatever may oppose.

Courage that fronts each foe,
  Fixed deep in noble pride;
Courage that dares to seek
  The unknown and untried.

Honor that needs no bond
  In heaven or earth below;
Honor that, true to self,
  Is true to friend and foe.

The courtesy at heart
  That's sweetness in the face;
The courtesy that clothes
  The mighty man with grace.

These, fused and fired with life,
  Reveal the age-long plan
On which the years have toiled
  To mould the perfect man.

THE WOMAN.

In the first sermon of this series, I laid some emphasis upon a point to which I wish to recur again for a moment. I said that, when you were treating of any individual unit which is a part of a larger organism, in order that you may comprehend it properly, you must study it as a part of this organism; not as something by itself, but as related to the other parts. If, for instance, you had never seen a fish and knew nothing about the kind of life that the fish lives in the water, and some one should bring you a fin and ask what it was and what function it fulfilled, you would only be able to answer that it was a part of some larger whole; but, being unfamiliar with this larger whole, of course you could not explain its relations to it. So, when we study the man, the woman, and the child, we must study them not as independent and complete in themselves, but as related to this larger organism called the family. For we find their meaning and their peculiarities in the fact that they have been developed in relation to each other.

Taking that as our stand-point, I wish to consider another principle, which is of first-class importance in connection with our theme. As you trace the development of life from the lowest forms up to the most complex structure, you will find that there has been a progress all the way in the direction of specialization of function; or what — to use a more familiar phrase — you would recognize as division of labor,

implying divergence of parts, multiplication of faculty. If, for example, I were able to exhibit to you here to-day one of the lowest forms of life, I should show you an almost unorganized gelatinous substance, that is alive yet has no organs, every part of the organism fulfilling all the difficult functions that are necessary to its life. It is all tentacle, all feeler, or what comes ultimately to be hand, eye, perception, and sense. It is all locomotive faculty: there are no specialized organs through which it is able to move about. It is all mouth, all stomach, all digestive apparatus. But, as we come up in the grade of life, from this simplest form, we find that nature always proceeds in the direction of division of labor, specialization of function. That is, a certain part of this organism is set apart to take the place of tentacle, feeler, hand. Certain other portions are set apart to do the work of locomotion, as foot, fin, or wing. Another part is developed as mouth, another as stomach, another as nervous organization, and so on. These are fixed and permanent parts, so that the development of life is always toward this complexity, toward the emphasizing of differences. When you come to human society and study the first rude organizations of men, you can easily see that there is no division of labor that is worthy of the name. Every man is his own boot-maker, if he has need of boots, and hat-maker, if he wears a hat, or manufacturer of weapons, if he is a hunter. He fulfils all social offices, so far as they are required. But, as society develops, all these things become specialized; and one class of men takes on itself the office of boot-maker, another that of hat-maker, another the manufacture of weapons.

The same thing is true precisely when you come to deal with the family. I have given you these illustrations, that you may comprehend this principle more clearly. In the lowest type of family, the relations of man and woman to it are

more alike than they are in the higher orders of life. There is more interchange of function. The man does more of the woman's work, and the woman more of the man's work, in different directions. But, when we come to the highest development of social and family life, we find that the man and the woman have grown perpetually more and more apart. The differences are more emphasized. They are more unlike each other in every way,— more distinct in physical organization, more distinct in mental faculties and moral qualities, more distinct in the parts which they play in the development of life. So, if we wish to find our ideal of woman, and follow nature's method, we shall look not for the woman who is the most like a man, who has been educated most like him, who is able to do most of the things that he can do, whose thoughts, emotions, and feeling most nearly resemble his. We shall find as that ideal one who has developed into as great a degree of unlikeness as possible,— a dissimilarity which does not separate her from him, but makes her more and more necessary to him, and which enables her to complement those faculties and qualities which he possesses. I shall have occasion to speak of this point, when I come to treat of the woman's sphere as distinct from the man's; but I wish to say here that, when I discuss these subjects, there ought not even to arise in the mind a question of relative superiority or inferiority. You might as well ask me to choose between the superiority of a circle and of a triangle, or between a rose-bush and an oak. It would be very bad economy of nature's resources to get rid of either of them, even if it could be done by making one into the likeness of the other. We need the two, and we want them just as distinct and as definitely developed as possible. So, as I outline to-day what seem to me the essentially feminine qualities and characteristics, I do not, by the

most distant implication, say anything whatever as to the relative superiority or inferiority of the man to the woman. They are each what they are; and we want them both, with all the distinctions of mind and soul emphasized and developed to their utmost.

I wish now to point out two or three qualities which seem to me to be distinctive of the typical woman as opposed to the man. I wish to say here, as I did when treating of the peculiarities of man, that you are not to understand me as saying that men do not possess these qualities too; for, as I said then, a man, a woman, and a child, all three, share together those qualities which are essentially and permanently human: only, in the development of life, the man has come to emphasize and make more distinctively his own certain qualities, and woman has come to develop and make more definitely her own certain other qualities.

I will mention three of these characteristics.

Take, first, one of the permanent mental peculiarities of a woman. She has a very much more largely developed faculty of intuition than has a man. That is, she possesses in a degree higher than man those intellectual qualities and faculties which are the result of the experience of the world in all its past and which are common to the race. A woman's intuitions are quicker than a man's in dealing with the practical problems of society, of the family, of morals, and the practical every-day questions perpetually arising. A woman's instincts are generally safer to follow in common matters than a man's reason. You will see the reason for this very soon.

Then, there is another quality, this one pertaining more to the heart, the affectional side of her nature. A woman is stronger in the region of sentiment than a man. She is more conservative, not only in religion, though this is true, but

everywhere else,— concerning social questions, political questions, concerning all matters where this principle can apply. The woman has a stronger love for the accustomed, that to which she has been long used, that with which for many years she has been associated. She has a stronger attachment to the old home than the man. She finds it less easy to have the roots of her life uptorn and to be transplanted into another soil and to breathe an unaccustomed air.

There is another distinguishing quality, more definitely moral. A woman does not care so much as a man does for abstract truth. But she cares more than he does for what she is accustomed to call the truth, the truth as embodied, the truth as instituted in the church, the creed, in political institutions, in social organization, or custom. She has a deeper and stronger loyalty, but generally this loyalty is rather for embodiments of ideas than for the ideas treated abstractly. These three qualities, then, I regard as characteristic of woman.

I wish now to treat of that which goes to the root of the whole matter; and, as I do this, you will see that these qualities of which I have just spoken all spring, of necessity, out of this deeper root of fact, as it applies itself to the development of life in the world.

You hear the word "heredity" mentioned a great many times; and, if you are familiar with the nomenclature of science, you also hear the word "variation" referred to very frequently. What are these two principles? That which scientific men call heredity is the tendency which all forms of life have, whether vegetable, animal, or human, to perpetuate themselves. By heredity, the scientific man means that tendency to hold all the best that has been gained, and repeat it over and over again. By the word "variation," these men wish to express that tendency, also observable in all forms of life, to

diverge from the parent form and send out a new shoot, a new sprout, a new leaf here or there, to develop some peculiarity that has not existed before, to become unlike the past, to take a new step in the development of life. These are the two great principles and forces without which life and progress would be impossible. Neither one could exist without the other, except by the destruction of all life and all progress. Take an example. A few years ago, I walked through the private garden of a gentleman who was cultivating twelve hundred kinds of roses. All the known varieties of roses came originally from one; and all these — and there are many more than these twelve hundred — had been thus developed. Now suppose, when there was only this one kind of rose, the principle of heredity, the tendency to repeat itself, had been the dominant one in the world, able to control and crush out all other tendencies, we should then have gone on for thousands of years with only one kind of rose. There never would have been any other developed in all time. Suppose, on the other hand, that the other principle should become supreme, the tendency to variation: the result would be, after a little while, that the roses of the world might be varied out of existence, and we should have none at all. In order, then, that we should have hundreds of roses, differing in color, form, and fragrance, it is necessary that these two forces, heredity and variation, should exist and counterbalance each other. These are essential to all progress; and what I have illustrated in regard to roses is equally true of every form of life from the lowest to the highest, up to the loftiest development of human society and thought.

Now, then, what I wish to call your attention to as emphasizing the significance of the masculine and feminine quality and function in the development of life is simply this: It has been proved, I think to demonstration, that, from the lowest

type of life up to the highest, it is through the feminine element that the law of heredity displays itself. And it is through the masculine element that the tendency to variation displays itself. You see how consistent this is with the point I made in my first sermon,— that man was the warrior, the explorer, the builder, the one who goes out into the realms of nature and of thought. And we see how natural it is, when we remember these two parts which the manly and the womanly elements play, that we should find the woman strongest in those qualities which are common to the race, which represent the stored-up accumulations of the past, that we should find her intuitions more pronounced than man's, that we should find her caring more for the past than man does, more loyal to that which has been attained and instituted than man. These qualities necessarily spring out of this great function. I wonder if you appreciate how much this means? It is through the feminine element, then, that the tendency to heredity manifests itself, to the repetition of that which has been done in the past. It is through the masculine element that the tendency to vary, to branch out, has manifested itself.

I wish now, then, to speak of what seems to me the permanent function that the woman plays in human history. I said that the man is a warrior, an explorer, a builder. What has the woman been? I am not discussing what she is to be or even what she ought to be, but what she has been and is. In the first place, the most important part that woman has played in the history of the world and the development of human life has been as the inspirer, the motive force. Trace human history all through,— and the exceptions to this are very rare,— and, when you have found something that the man has done, whether it be good, lifting him to the highest heaven, or bad, sinking him to the deepest

hell, you will find that some woman has been the mainspring and the motive force of it all. If he has fought, it has been under the inspiration of her love. If I wished to set before you a typical example that should represent this idea, I would choose a mediæval knight, with his lady's favor woven into his helmet, astride his horse, with lance in rest, tilting for her against all the world.

She has been the inspiration of all the grandest deeds that have been wrought. She has been the motive force not only in long wars and in the destruction of great cities, as in the case of ancient Troy, but she has also been the mainspring of all the activities by which noble cities have been builded. It is the music of her voice, the inspiration of her presence and love, that, like the lyre of Amphion, has moved the solid, stony forces of the world, and lifted them to their places, and symmetrically arranged them in the walls of the world's Thebes-like structures.

Woman has been the home-maker. Man has gone out over the world clearing the wilderness, seeking new continents, making a place where human life could find shelter and peace. But, if he has done this and even if he has erected the walls of the houses that should make a home, it never has become home except through the presence of the woman. How many times have I seen, years ago when I was living in California, those rough miners who had left the East, following their dream of gold, living there they cared not how, working early and late they cared not how wearily, dressing in roughest fashion, with no polish of manners or speech, building themselves a cabin simply for a shelter, while they pursued their labor, suddenly transformed; and I have found that it meant only that the ones they had left at the East were coming now to join fortunes with them. They had earned enough, had risen enough in the social

scale, had waited long enough, and now they proposed to have a home. A complete metamorphosis of the man's manners, speech, dress, cabin, and all, was the instantaneous result of this coming.

A man may build ever so beautiful a structure and furnish it with all that wealth can buy,— hang pictures on the walls and have works of art in every niche and corner, but every man knows that it is not home, and cannot be home, till a woman has made it so. Let her pass through it, and you hardly know what she has done,— the same things are all there,— but the place is transformed and transfigured; and you say that that which was a house has become a home. This is not only true of this lower realm of making a home for the body: the same principle runs all the way up. The woman is the home-maker of the world, the one that makes the nest attractive, habitable, beautiful. She turns what was a simple shelter into a place of joy and peace and rest.

Next, I name, as another function that the woman has played in all history, the part of comforter. I touch upon this word reverently. It has for me a sacred significance. You know that John tells us that, when Jesus was going away, he told the disciples in their sorrow that the Paraclete, the Comforter, should come in his place, and that then he would hardly be missed by their loyal hearts. It is all this and more that I mean, when I say that woman has played the part of comforter in all the world, from the time when she first welcomes the dawning life as it comes to her, and shelters it and folds it upon her bosom, to the time when she bends over the sick-bed, and says farewell to the loved one just vanishing into the shadow. All the way through, the consolation, the sweetness, the joy, the peace of life, that which makes it possess an atmosphere, which gives it meaning and beauty, man owes to her. I have no time, as I would

like, to enlarge upon this thought, to dive deep into its meaning, to rise high in the attempt to measure its significance, or I might outline for you such characters as that of Florence Nightingale, and the angels of mercy, the ministers of love and peace, that turn the horrors of the world's battle-fields into places of tenderness and peace. But such, in outline, and in the rough, has been the function of woman up to the present time.

Following parallel with the virtues of the man, I propose to mention three or four essentially feminine virtues, those that naturally spring out of these functions. Here, again, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that men do not share these virtues. Now and then, a man may possess them in a degree greater than some one woman may. I only mean to say that these seem to me to be the essentially feminine virtues of the ideal woman, as she has been in the past and is to-day.

I shall not go into a particular description of the minor virtues of womanhood. I only treat of those great ones which include and imply all the rest. And if, when I get through, you think my catalogue is anything but complete, or that I have taken one virtue when you have chosen another, I only ask you to note the fact that whatever belongs to the noblest womanhood will be found under some one or other of these.

And what is the first, the prime great virtue of womanliness?

Possibly, you may be surprised at the opinion which I shall express, when I say that, to my mind, it is *beauty*, fascination, charm. I said that the prime virtue of manliness was strength. What I mean by beauty is woman's power. And, whatever she has been able to do in the history of the world, she has done by the possession of this. I put this first, be-

cause, whatever else she may possess, she stands weak and without any influence in the world, unless she possess this. You will not of course think me shallow enough to mean by the word "beauty" simple symmetry of the person, beauty of form, face, feature, beauty of dress or adornment, although I do place a larger emphasis on these than many. It is the duty of the woman to be just as beautiful as she can. If she throws away, from carelessness or from any other cause, the beauty of adornment, the beauty of person, the beauty of neatness, of grace of carriage or speech, any charm which she can cultivate and develop, she makes, it seems to me, a grievous mistake.

A woman, then, is mighty in this world by as much as she possesses the power to charm. It may not, as I said, be beauty of feature that does this. There is a deeper beauty than that. It is trite, because it is so true, that this external beauty is transient, lasting but a little while; but even this may be cultivated. If it was once possessed, it may be kept to a large degree. Even if it was not possessed, it may be largely cultivated; for those invisible sculptors, thoughts, feelings, emotions, hopes, fears, with their tiny chisels day and night cut and carve even the features themselves into a beauty which they did not possess. A sweet, pure, and noble life makes transparent the face, so that the beauty of the mind and the beauty of character shine through. It was a very profound piece of philosophy, though the little boy was not aware of it, that he gave expression to, when, playing with his mates on the streets, a lady passed him, very plain of feature, who treated him so courteously and so kindly on account of some little matter that, when one of the boys said, "Oh, wasn't she homely!" he replied, "I don't care if she is, she's got a beautiful soul." It does not make so much difference whether the features are naturally

symmetrical or not. It makes all the difference what kind of mind and character are behind this veil, shadowing themselves forth so that they become visible. Some of the most fascinating women I have ever seen would be called homely at first sight, but yet they possessed this power of charming. It makes no matter how, whether by qualities of mind or qualities of heart, every woman can charm. Every woman ought to charm, and she is strong in her womanliness by as much as she develops this capacity. This is that power which gives her sway and queenliness over the world. No matter then what else she has, if she does not possess the power to charm, to conquer men, and other women, to lead their thought, to move their hearts in some way, then she is weak and powerless.

The next great feminine virtue I would call that which seems to be the counterpart of manly courage,—that is, womanly *endurance*,— that which is summed up in the word patience, or negative courage, which many and many a time rises superior to all the bravery of men. I have, perhaps, as much admiration as any one for that courage which men possess, which is able to face a hostile army, and look into the mouth of the cannon, or feel the touch of cold steel bayonets, without flinching; but it seems to me that this quality is cheap and easy, compared with the womanly power of endurance, that patience through long years, which has been a thousand times displayed in the history of the world. Marching shoulder to shoulder with other men, under the inspiration of martial music, under the fear of being charged with cowardice, lured on by ambition and honor, it is comparatively easy for a man to risk death. It was courage, when Lord Nelson said on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, "This day gives me a peerage or Westminster Abbey." It took courage for Kilpatrick, one of our

officers in the war, when he said a similar thing; but this is easy, compared with that lonely, hour-long, week-long, year-long patience, that bears with, suffers with, that will not be worn out or wearied. There is no type of woman more wonderful to me than the one that meets with eternal patience the rough onset and attack of the vicious and evil character of the boys she is called upon to train. How I have watched such a process as that, and seen this loving patience wear away all the roughness and the evil! Woman has this power of weaving around a man these subtle fibres of influence; then he may wander long over the face of the earth. He may be false to her, false to himself, false to all truth and nobility; and yet this patience, this endurance, follows and waits. I see sometimes this sort of patience on the part of a wife for, what I should call, a worthless husband; and it seems to me a waste of all that is divine in womanhood. And yet, time and again, these invisible threads at last are felt, their pull is recognized, and the life is redeemed. Manhood is brought back to her feet, and he sits clothed and in his right mind once more. It seems to me that this negative courage,—if you will call it so, without any disrespect to it,— this positive power of endurance which is essentially womanly, is something more sublime and grander than all the dash and flurry and display of courage on the part of man.

There is another quality, akin to this in some respects, which I name *fidelity*, devotion, consecration. A woman has this power unspeakably more developed than has a man, this power to be faithful through long years to any trust, to any pledge. One of the most beautiful types of womanhood that has ever been developed in imaginative literature is that which Homer has pictured in the Odyssey, the character of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses. You remember the story,

how she sits weaving at her loom as year after year goes by, waiting for the return of him to whom she has pledged herself. And how she is surrounded by suitors who would persuade her that he is dead, and how, pressed beyond endurance, she is obliged to promise them that she will select some one of them for a husband when she shall have finished the weaving on which she is engaged, and how she rises by night and takes out the work she has done by day, so that the completion shall be indefinitely postponed. It seems to me that such fidelity is one of the noblest as it is one of the most pronounced characteristics of woman.

And how easily this devotion passes into a grand self-sacrifice! With what a power of self-forgetting love a woman can consecrate herself! She wastes herself like leaven, to permeate every cause she loves. She lavishes herself like the perfume of a flower garden that is wasted on every wind, only that it may make fragrant all the country side. Thus nature sees to it that all life that is lost for love shall be found again transfigured and ennobled.

There is just one more that I must touch upon, and that is the virtue of *gentleness*. It is a quality that pervades and permeates all the other womanly virtues. This gentleness, like an atmosphere that softens the outlines of the ragged tree-tops and the rough hills and the jagged mountains, clothes all with a softness, tenderness, and beauty that else were lacking! It is like the ivy that climbs over the rough castle wall, and hides the angles of the cathedral in the Old World, changing them into things of picturesque beauty. This quality of gentleness crowns and sweetens all the rest, and gives woman a power mightier than any aggressive force that the world has ever seen. It is this that wins at last, and which brings the hearts of all men into submission to the noble ideal of that which is womanly, and which stands to us for our highest thought of the divine.

The ancients fabled Æolus as the god of the winds, who, by the roughness of his power, could blow the ocean into tempestuous billows. But let Venus appear and look out over the sea as she rode the crested waves, and all became calm: the wide reaches of the ocean rippled into a million dimpling smiles. So the gentleness of womanhood smiles the roughness of human life into calm; and, like the blue sky over the ocean, sees its own sweetness reflected back from below.

That beauty, whose control
  Puts strength beneath her feet;
The person, mind, and soul,
  The symmetry complete;

The patience that can bear
  Earth's sorrow and earth's sin,
That can endure all care,
  And by endurance win;

Fidelity that keeps
  Its trust through pain and tears,
That wearies not nor sleeps,
  Though days stretch out to years;

That gentleness, whose breath
  Pervades life like the air,
Charms budding life from death,
  And makes all rough things fair,—

These, life's consummate flower,
  When come to perfect birth,
Confirm the woman's power,
  That makes her queen of earth!

THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE.

In the popular mind, the perfect man has for many ages stood away back in the beginning of creation; and all the deteriorations of human nature, all the savagery, all the barbarism, have come as degradations of this perfect man. We now know, however, that the precise reverse of this popular idea is true. The perfect man is as yet only an ideal. He is before us, leading on the race to that toward which, through toil and struggle and tears, humanity is striving. Then, as the perfect man has been thought to stand at the beginning of the race, so also has the perfect marriage; for beside this perfect man in his ideal home, created by the hand of God, has stood the perfect woman. And they, hand in hand, represent the perfect social union of the world; and whatever other types of marriage may have prevailed, or whatever looser associations that are not worthy of the name of marriage may have existed in the course of human development, these have all been regarded as degradations of this primitive type. This idea also we now know to be simply the reverse of the fact. The perfect marriage, as well as the perfect man, is an ideal which is still ahead of us, something that lures us on in that future toward which, through manifold struggles and strivings and tears, humanity is making its slow and gradual approach. This is exactly what we should expect, if the law of evolution be

accepted as true; for this law starts with the assumption everywhere, which assumption so far as human investigation has gone is always justified by the fact, that all progress is from the general, the unorganized, the indefinite toward the special, the organized, and the definite. That is, the highest and finest results are at the end; and the crude material only do we expect to find at the beginning. In accordance, then, with this law of evolution, we shall find that the progress of the family has been from the general to the special, from the indefinite to the definite, from the simple to the complex, precisely the same as all progress has been made in all departments of nature and of life.

We need, in order that we may rightly estimate the family as it exists to-day, that we may appreciate its value, that we may understand the numerous aberrations from it, the failures to rise up to its level, that we may comprehend its real nature, and know how to strive after its realization, that we may work in the direction of true reform,— we need, I say, to understand the genesis of the family; where it came from, from what low and crude beginnings, through what steps, by what processes. Then, we can comprehend it as it exists to-day. We can understand the failures to attain its ideal. We shall have some key whereby we may be able to unlock the difficulties connected with the still needed social reforms of the world.

As we review this long line of progress, we need to have two or three ideas firmly fixed in our minds. We must, in the first place, remember that no high, fine, sweet, sacred attainment or organization of the world is to be looked upon as dishonored or degraded on account of any facts which we may discover concerning its lowly origin, or the crudeness of the steps by which it may have been attained.

To illustrate what I mean. There are a great many

people who have been very seriously troubled concerning the nature of man, because they have been compelled to believe that, instead of being made directly by the hand of God, perfect and complete as he now exists, he has been developed, through the process of ages, from lower orders and types of life. They have seemed to feel that somehow or other they were going to lose their manhood, if it were really true that men came by development from the animal world. But wherever man came from, by whatever processes of development, he is; man is what he is, and man will be what he will be. No question as to origin, as to method of development, can change any of the facts of human nature or human life. If you look upon the rare, delicate beauty of a white pond-lily, you are never troubled, if you are wise, by any consideration of the fact that it has been developed from the black, slimy mud at the bottom of the pond. You take it for what it is,— a rare, precious, sweet development; and you wonder, all the more, at the marvellous chemistry of nature, which is able to produce such results from such unpromising conditions. So, when you are rejoicing in the delicacy of a perfume, it does not trouble you to be told that the chemist, by his skill, has extracted it from the refuse of the gutter. You only marvel at the results of a science that is able to produce such a wonderful transformation. And so, as we said of the origin of the family, you will not need to be troubled, if you are wise, by any crude, coarse, apparently immoral precedents,— things which have occurred in the order of its development. You are to take this same type for what it is,— sacred, sweet, holy, and conducing to the highest development and the noblest welfare of man,— and you are to cherish it all the more, when you learn at what a price of human struggle and effort it has been developed.

Then, again, you are not, as we look down to-day from the

heights which we have attained over these lower orders of social life, to judge them for one instant by the moral ideals which we have reached in this nineteenth century of time. You are to remember that these ideals were not only not attained, but were not attainable at any of those earlier stages or steps of progress. You are not to think that those steps were necessarily immoral from their stand-point, because we should be immoral to-day, if we should adopt their customs and practices.

When our American missionaries first went to the Sandwich Islands, they came there face to face with a type of social organization, with a specimen of moral life, that has been very widely prevalent over the world in past ages; and yet they lifted their hands in horror, and saw in this, which really represented a higher stage of life than a good many others which had preceded it, the practical work of the evil one, something indicating not the fact that this people were capable of progress, but rather that they had been unspeakably degraded. They assumed what I referred to in the beginning,— that the original type of the family was that which we have only as an ideal to-day, and that this people had retrograded from that type.

You are to remember then that, when you stand in any grade of culture in the world, the people occupying that position are to be judged not simply by what they are to-day, but by what they have been in the past. They are to be looked at as coming up from below, not as descending from above. I say you need to bear this in mind as a principle, lest you misjudge and blame those people who are living up perhaps as nearly to their moral ideal as we ourselves are to ours.

You are not to misunderstand me concerning another point of prime importance. From what I have said, you are

not to understand that morality is a thing that changes with time, locality, or neighborhood. Here, you need to make one nice and careful distinction. The essential principle of morality is the same, unchanging, eternal from the beginning until the end. The applications of that principle may be almost infinitely varied. What is that principle? Merely this. Men have discovered, as the result of experience, that certain courses of conduct, on the whole and in the long run, conduce to the life, the welfare and the happiness of man. Those courses of conduct they have agreed to call right. They have learned by the same principles of experience that certain other courses of conduct, on the whole and in the long run, conduce to the unhappiness and the destruction, the evil and the injury of man. These courses of conduct they have agreed to call wrong. Whatever, then, men believe to be good for man they call right. And whatever they believe to be injurious to man they call wrong. This distinction is eternal. It has always existed; and men have been just as moral as their intellectual and social development has enabled them to be. Judge then the past in the light of this principle, and this method of the application of the principle. If you find people anywhere along the line of human development practising a course of conduct that you would reprobate and regard as immoral to-day, say that it is immoral, and reprobate it, if you please; but remember that what would be a backward step for you, who have risen to the position of a higher ideal, may be a forward step for them, because they have come from a lower level than that of to-day. So much, then, by way of preface and of explanation, which seem to me necessary to precede the story which I have to tell you.

It is now time for me to give you some practical illustrations representing the main steps of development in the prog-

ress of the family life of man. I shall not be able to go into very minute detail, but I hope to give you enough to enable you to follow the general origin and progress of the family relation.

As we go down below man, among the animals that stand next to him in the order of life, we find, and are not shocked to find, that there is very little of organized relationship between the sexes. There is a general condition of promiscuity. The only governing law is impulse, caprice; and yet even here, among the higher animals and among some of the birds, we do find, what surprises us as the other does not, a positive advance upon this condition. We find among these higher animals and birds, in many cases, a pairing, at least for a season, and sometimes for many seasons together, if not for life. Here is the root, or germ, or beginning of that toward which the highest types of earth have been struggling through the course of untold ages.

As we come up out of the animal world and reach the lowest level of that which we can call human, we ought not to be surprised to find that substantially the same condition of disorganization, or lack of organization, exists. Men and women live without any permanent relationship, governed by caprice, impulse, by the feelings of the time and circumstances in which they are placed; for as yet they have learned no higher type of life. They have developed no refined sentiments. They have not begun to appreciate the meaning of love either for each other or for their children. They have no conception of social order, no idea of higher types of government, no religion, and so no motive for any other type of life than that which they lead. And yet here also we do find in many cases this pairing for a season, for a year, for two years, for more, sometimes possibly for life. We are to suppose that these exceptions would naturally be

found, although as yet there is nothing that can properly carry the name of family.

The next step, however, leads us on to the oldest family or social organization that the world has ever seen. We do not find it existing anywhere on the earth to-day, even among the lowest tribes of men. There is no authentic history of a people that ever manifested this type. And yet, curiously enough, we know beyond a question that it must have existed in many different parts of the world. How do we know? We know it precisely as we know that an extinct type of bird or animal must have existed, because we find a track in the rock, or some of its fossil remains, preserved until to-day. In many different tribes, we find a type of relationship recognized,— people calling one another by different names, which represent their supposed relationships, which names must have sprung out of this original first type of family organization. They fit none other, and they do fit this perfectly. And these have remained after the family itself has passed away,— a proof positive that this family did exist, and that it was widely spread.

Now what is this? Simply, the general intermarriage of a group; this group of people supposed to be — and generally the supposition was correct — bound together by ties of kinship and blood; brothers and sisters all mingling in one family. All the fathers and mothers called themselves brothers and sisters, and they were all husbands and wives at the same time. And their fathers and mothers — the fathers and mothers of all of them — were also brothers and sisters to each other, and they were also, in a general way, fathers and mothers of all the children indiscriminately. And so, on each level of the organization, they were all brothers and sisters, and all husbands and wives. This type of family life existed for a long time; and they recog-

nized this as binding upon them, and forbidding every other kind of relationship, as the world has substantially done in the same way, on whatever level it has stood.

But the world soon learned better by experience. Soon did I say? Rather after many weary ages; for we must remember that this first type stretched over probably some thousands of years. The world learned after a time that this intermarriage of kin was an evil, that it led to deterioration and destruction of the race; and so there grew up a public sentiment, a feeling, religious and moral, opposed to it. And the next type of family life that we find, although an improvement, was very far from the ideal that we hold to-day. It was still an intermarriage of men and women in groups, only they were not blood relatives of each other. A group of brothers might marry a group of other women; and their sisters might marry another group of men. They were all indifferently married to each other; and yet they were not allowed to marry any one of blood relationship. This group of brothers and sisters had each their distinctive names, so that, although they might be separated for months or years, they would recognize each other wherever they might meet; and, wherever they might meet, they would recognize this relationship as binding upon them by virtue of the fact that they belonged to these two distinctive groups.

The next type beyond this was something that began to give promise of monogamy, that which we see all around us in the highest civilization to-day. There were more or less permanent relationships of men and women in single pairs; and yet we should not be surprised if at this stage of the world's development they recognized no permanent bond. The man was at perfect liberty to leave the woman; and the woman was at perfect liberty to leave the man, when she pleased. But, until they did decide on divorce, they

recognized this as the only legal relationship. I do not mean to say that they were always faithful to each other. They were not; and the man was less generally faithful than the woman. The man tried to maintain the faithfulness of the wife not because he had our modern sense of purity, but because he regarded her as his personal property in which no other had any rights. She had become his by capture or by purchase, and was as much his, he felt, as his blanket or his weapons.

Beyond and above this, we come to the patriarchal type of family. Here for the first time is something definite and organized. One man is at the head. He has one principal wife, but he may have others,— twenty, a hundred, five hundred; but he himself stands at the head of a definitely organized group, and this for the first time in the history of the world. He has complete power over all the members of the family, even to the principal wife,— power of life and death, power to imprison, to torture, to sell his children. Still, it was a step toward that which we are trying to realize to-day.

After this, in later ages, in what is comparatively very modern times, came the type of family which we are trying to realize in the highest regions of the world,— monogamy, the permanent faithful relation of one man to one woman. I need not go into any discussion of this, this morning; for such a discussion will constitute my theme next Sunday. My purpose is only to indicate to you these great types of family life which constitute the steps of social progress from the beginning until to-day. You will not, however, understand that these exhaust all the social relations which have existed in the past. There have been many other types, numberless kinds and varieties, all that were possible to be made out of the existing materials perhaps; yet they were all

varieties of some one of these great types of which I have spoken.

To illustrate two or three of them. There were long periods when that family which goes by the name of polyandry existed. That is, the marriage of one woman to two or ten or twenty men, as might happen,—one woman with very many husbands at the same time. This existed very naturally in some parts of the world, where the means of subsistence or the conditions of life were such that it naturally led to this as the most permanent type of life, as the one by which the woman and the children were best cared for, as the one that gave the best chance for the existence of society and its development. So we find that, under some circumstances and at some stages of development, this was the best type of the family possible. On the other hand, perhaps more common than this, you find that type of family that exists even in modern times, and with which you are familiar in Turkey and Utah,— the polygynous, one man having several wives, two or more, the number being limited only by his wishes and his means. This also has been a very common type of family life in the past; and, undoubtedly, in many conditions and stages of culture, it has been the best type of family that could exist at that time. It has sprung up and become permanent, because, in the struggle between the different types of family organization, it was the best, serving the purpose of the time better than any other; and it remained permanent so long as these conditions continued.

There is one point that it is well for you to bear in mind. You are not to think that the man has had everything his own way in this matter, from the beginning till to-day. Perhaps, as a general truth, you may almost say that his superior physical power has enabled him to have his way.

And yet there have been long ages in the past, when, not the man, but the woman, not the father, but the mother, has been at the head of the family organization, and has held in her hands all the power. There have been ages, when the descent of families, of lines, and of peoples, has been traced, not through the father, but through the mother. There have been ages, when the organization was such that it was not the woman who lost her identity when she became married. The man lost his name, and became absorbed in the family of the woman. He took her name, and had no individual existence, except as a member of the group of which she was the head. He was practically in the power of the woman and her female friends and relatives. If he did not please the wife, if he made himself objectionable to her, if he did not contribute what they regarded as his fair share toward the support of this multitudinous family, she was at liberty, and had the power — and exercised it very freely, without much mercy — to bid him pack; and, taking only his blanket with him, he has had to start for himself again, wherever he could and might.

You are to remember, then, that man has not always been the tyrant. Man has not always moulded the social organization at his will. Woman, at least, has taken her turn, and has shown herself capable of quite as relentless a despotism as man. If there is any difference in degree, we are to charge it, not to the disposition, but to physical ability, to power and circumstances.

I wish now to call your attention to a few of the forces that have contributed to the development of the family life. You will notice that I have only run over these types, cataloguing them, but not giving you any reasons for the development of one type out of another. Why, for example, did the human race ever rise out of this promiscuous relation-

ship? Why did it ever change the family group? Why did it ever cease marrying according to these lower forms? How does it happen that monogamy has come to the front, and is to be the rule, the type, of the future civilization of men?

Here, I may point out a few of the causes. In the first place, you are familiar with the law that life, as it exists to-day, is the result of competition, of struggle between individuals and groups of individuals, of tribes and nations for supremacy, and that the fittest to survive has been the one to come out ahead in these struggles. It has been proved, then, as a matter of human experience, that each one of these higher types of social organization has bound man and woman and child together in closer and closer union, has brought them into more compact aggregates, and so has made them stronger, better fitted to face the rough world, and to succeed in the struggle for life. The higher types, for example, have produced more children and healthier children. They have had a larger tendency to preserve them during the period of infancy, to train them to become strong men and women; and so, naturally, these higher types of life have gradually come to the front, and superseded the others, which have been left to die and disappear.

Another force has been at work. You are not to think, as you look back at these crude social relations of the past, that there was very much of the sentiment of love existing between husband and wife and child. You must not think of the husband and wife who put to death the child that was sick or feeble, or that they could not support, as suffering in the process, as we would suffer to-day. You must remember that these sentiments of tenderness and love and sympathy, which bind us so closely together, were not at that time developed. There was no disruption of the heart-strings that

were left to ache and bleed. These binding forces at that time had not come into existence. But, gradually, man was developing more and more into that which we think of as typically human. The sentiment of pity, gentleness, consideration,— gentleness to his wife, to his child, a desire to know his own child from the others in the group of children, a stronger bond of feeling toward them,— gradually grew ; and this, of course, would tend more and more to the destruction of these lower and more general types of the social relationship and the development of those higher and more complex ones which have taken their place.

There was another tremendous power at work in the same direction, which at the same time was one of the earliest forms of religious life,— the worship of ancestors. This was probably universal. It has been a fact in the life of every nation at some period of its development. The father expected to be worshipped by his son as soon as he was dead. The hearth became sacred. It was turned into an altar, and the rites and ceremonies of this religious worship had to be performed by the son. None other was competent to render this worship to the father ; and, if the father did not have a son, then the line would die out and the worship must cease ; and that was looked upon as though it were the destruction of this dead semi-deity himself. The extinction of the family was looked upon as the greatest calamity that could possibly befall it, because it made it impossible to continue the worship of the ancestors ; and this was supposed to affect their peace and happiness in the future spiritual world. You see then how necessary it became that a man should be married in such a way that he should know who his son was, that he should be able to train him up as his son, and leave him to look after the sacrifices of the hearth and serve at the altar. This, of course, tended

in the plainest way toward the development of these higher better types of family life.

There was another force quite equal in strength to any of the others. I suppose we cannot find a type of society so low that there is not the sentiment of personal possession in it, a desire for ownership of property. The tribe may hold their land in common; their wigwams, their homes, their wives, their children, may be in common; yet each one says "my" blanket or "my" spear or "my" bow and arrow. There is always this dawning of personal proprietorship; and this has developed constantly, until, in the modern world, it is one of the mightiest of all forces to shape and build up or destroy our present civilization. As this desire, then, for personal possession or property increased, there grew along with it the desire that "my wife" and "my child" should share with me the benefit of my years of skill or labor or accumulation. So there grew the desire to simplify the group or family into as small an aggregate as possible. If there were many wives or many children, or if a man were not quite sure as to what ones were his children or his brother's, he would not know to whom to leave his property. So this sentiment of property, and the desire to leave it to his own wife and children, has been one of the mightiest forces in the modern world toward the development of monogamy. If I were preaching on the Mormon problem, I should look to this quite as much as to any other one cause for the solution of that problem. There are only a small number of Mormons, at the present time, who have more than one wife; largely because there are not women enough to supply them all; but also because the men are not able to support more than one. The matter of property comes in, then, as one of the most mighty and determining forces that have helped on the development of the monogamic type of family life.

A word, in closing, concerning the bearing of this discussion upon questions of social reform. It is assumed, in accordance with the principle which I spoke of at the outset, by a great many, perhaps by the majority of the people in America and Europe to-day, that the first type of family life in the world was a monogamous type; for they think of Adam and Eve as standing at the head of the human race. And it results, as a natural necessity, that they should regard all departures from this type of sexual relationship as depravity,— by depravity meaning a degradation from a higher to a lower type of social relationship. But we must reverse that idea. These variations, these departures from this normal type, as we have come to regard it, are not, in the true sense of the word, degradations. They are rather survivals of lower types once universal, survivals not yet outgrown.

Let me give you a figure that shall illustrate the social progress of the world. Think of humanity as an army on the march. There is always the main body, the homogeneous majority, occupying substantially the same position. There is always a vanguard at the front, leading toward the position which the majority shall occupy by and by. There are always stragglers, camp-followers, at the rear, hanging on the borders of the main army. Precisely like this is the social progress of the race. There is a main body of humanity representing any one of these lower types of human life that you please, the majority occupying that position and representing that type. There will be the minority, the vanguard in the front, beginning by way of experiment to represent the higher type to which the other, by and by, will come. And there is always at the rear the stragglers and the camp followers, representing the type preceding that of the majority. So, when you find persons to-day, who are not true to the monogamic type of family life, you do not

find people who have been degraded from the first type. You find those, generally, who have never risen up to that level. They are still living in that social position where we or our ancestors were once, but from which they have not yet emerged toward the higher condition of the majority.

In this way, then, you are to look upon these aberrations from the normal type of the family. Thus, as I look I gain hope and courage for the race; while, if I were compelled to look upon it from the other stand-point, I should find only discouragement and despair. If it is the part of this human nature of ours to tend downward instead of upward; if the inclinations of men's hearts are evil and only evil continually; if a man is "prone to evil as the sparks fly upward"; if everything in me tends to deprave me and degrade me to lower levels,— then there is very little, if any, use to attempt to do anything more than look out for ourselves; and we may despair of even doing that.

But if, on the other hand, the tendency of the race, as exemplified in the experience of every age, is upward and onward; if man's heart tends toward good, in the main, as I believe it does; if the pressure of the evolutional forces of life is ever behind and beneath man, lifting him to a higher level,— why, then, it is perfectly natural that we should find some people behind, some who have not yet attained to that higher level, or who for the time have slipped back or fallen into that condition which was once common and universal. It seems to me, then, that we can hope and work for the race, as we gain an insight into the methods by which progress has been made.

I believe that progress in this department, as well as everywhere else, is to come as a growth, as the result of experience, of education, as the result of a higher, sweeter, truer, purer, public sentiment. In other words, it is to be

developed through ages rather than brought about through any sudden, spasmodic effort on the part of individuals or organizations. So long as I believe that the race is facing ahead and upward, not backward and downward, so long courage and heart remain, and so long we can do whatever in us lies to help on the progress of the race.

We have come then to this. Beginning with a promiscuous relation, like that which obtains in the animal world, through a progress of thousands and thousands of years, we have climbed up to the level where the man and the woman stand side by side, hand in hand, in mutual trust and confidence, looking into each other's eyes with love and devotion, their little children gathered about them, a part of the life of each, to whom each is devoted, and they faithful to each other in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, holding each other as the one object of true love. They are the result, the outflowering, of the so-far progress of the world, looking toward the future, and ready, as I believe, not for a higher type of family life, but for an ever sweeter, higher, nobler development of this type to which we have attained and which we shall go on progressively to make more and more beautiful, more and more near to the perfect ideal, of which as yet we can only dream.

MARRIAGE TO-DAY.

At the close of my sermon last Sunday morning, I attempted to picture for you the man and the woman standing side by side, hand in hand, with the children grouped about their feet, looking into each other's eyes with mutual love, tenderness, trust, and respect; and I represented this as the highest outcome as yet of the evolution of the family. I traced this, however, from the very lowest beginnings, showing you that this, instead of being the ideal that was realized in the distant past, is only the ideal which is dawning upon the world, and casting its radiance and light over the future. When we remember from what low beginnings this marvellous humanity of ours has come, when we remember out of what crude, coarse social relations this ideal family has developed, we should not be surprised to find that the family ideal is only very imperfectly realized as yet; and you must also remember, both for the sake of having correct ideas on the subject and for the sake of keeping courage in your own hearts, as you look toward the future, that the social disorganization and failures, that are so common all around us, are not degradations from something higher, not depravities from a once perfect realization. They are rather the imperfections of an undeveloped and incomplete growth. They represent the fact that we have come only to the beginning of that which we hope for, and

which we shall strive to realize progressively in the future. We talk glibly about civilization; and, sometimes, as we look around over our society, we perhaps labor under the wholly mistaken impression that the larger part of the world is really civilized. A little thought, however, will show you that, as a matter of fact, the most of the world is still in barbarism, and a large part of it in the still lower state of savagery. Only a few favored peoples have yet begun to be civilized in regard to social relations or in regard to matters of government and religion. Barbarism in religion, in government, and in society, is still immensely in the majority all over the world. And, even in this part of the world which we speak of as civilized, those who have reached the highest level of attainment are few. Here and there, civilization has dawned. There is light in the east, and this light is reflected on some of the highest hill-tops toward the west; but, on the low-lying plains and in the still lower valleys of the world, it is yet dark. Civilization, therefore, is yet far from realized. It is only a beginning and a hope. We should not, then, wonder at the fact that marriage is still imperfect in so many directions. It keeps step with the progress of man. It goes forward as fast as he goes, and will be perfect only when humanity is perfect.

Let us note a few of the more important indications of these imperfections of the ideal marriage relation. In the first place, there are large numbers of people, thousands of men and women, not married at all,—this while man and woman are fairly to be supposed to balance each other in numbers, the world being taken as a whole. But they are so unequally distributed that universal marriage is out of the question. Suppose, for instance, all the people in Massachusetts should attempt to be married. We should have to

import forty or fifty thousand men, or export forty or fifty thousand women, in order to realize that scheme. If we go into some of the younger States of the West, we shall find this thing reversed: we should have to import women or export men. Marriage, therefore, in this regard, is very imperfect, and necessarily so, under the conditions in which our life is lived.

Not only is this unequal distribution an impediment to marriage, but there are numbers of men who think they are not able to support wives; or, if they could, they could not support them at the social level of refinement, of taste, and money, which is represented in the home from which they would take the woman they would be willing to marry. Again, for many reasons that I need not stop to enumerate, women by the hundreds and thousands are not sought in marriage, while, as the result of ages of custom, they are not permitted to seek husbands. Then there are other thousands of men and women, who would be glad to marry, but who, for one reason or another, cannot find the embodiment of their dreams, and so wait year after year, because, while willing to marry; they are not willing to marry those who come within the range of their acquaintance.

Not only is marriage imperfect in this regard; but, as you look over society, how painfully are you impressed by the fact that so large a number of the actual marriages are not marriages in fact! They are legal bonds, and yet not marriages of soul and heart and life, where the sweet bells, if they ever were sweet, are now jangled and out of tune. Many people marry under a hasty impulse, who never ought to have married. Sometimes, when I stand with the marriage certificate in my hand, with the man and woman before me whose names are written in it, I feel that I am on the brink of committing a crime; so certain do I feel that,

though the man and woman ought to be married, they ought not to marry one another. Yet, of course, the servant of the Church or of the State, or he who unites them both, has no authority or right to go back of the written authorization; and he is helpless in the presence of this fact. Many people who do marry would be well enough off, if they would try to be reasonable; but they are wholly selfish, and expect all the sacrifices to be on the other side, making unreasonable demands, not willing to give up anything on their side, though they expect everything to be given up on the other. For this, and a hundred reasons which I cannot take time to mention, marriages fall far short of the ideal that we have in mind, when we contemplate them.

From this brief and inadequate consideration of the defects of marriage as it exists, let us pass to consider that wherein true marriage consists.

What is marriage? I speak now, of course, of the ideal. Marriage is the lifelong union, the union of body, of heart, of mind, of soul, of labor, of cares, of hopes, of fears, of interests, of a man and woman. And the essence of it is just this complete union which they, and they only, can effect. We need, this morning, to go beneath the superficial considerations of what constitutes marriage, and see it in its essence. The common opinion seems to be that any two people who choose to come before a civil magistrate or a minister, and promise to love, honor, and cherish each other, etc., and whom this magistrate pronounces husband and wife, are really married. And yet neither Church nor State ever yet had power to create a marriage. Concerning the real thing, the heart of it, neither Church nor State has, or can have, anything whatever to do. They can bind the man and woman together by legal bonds, but this is not marriage. Men and women can be one in heart and life without any

help from either Church or State; and, though Church or State do their utmost, and bind them together by these legal ties, yet, in heart and love and life, they may be whole universes apart.

Various marriage customs have grown out of the peculiar social, political, and religious conditions of the time when they came into being; and it would be interesting, had I time, to give you illustrations and specimens of these marriage customs, as illustrating this point. It is true that religion did have a great deal to do with the sacredness and permanency and with the creation of true marriage at one time in the history of the world. That time I alluded to last Sunday, when I said there sprang up at one period the worship of ancestry,—a worship whose centre was the hearthstone and whose priest was the husband. At this time, it was indeed a religious ceremony above and before all things else; and it had to be, in order to realize the ideals of the time. But those ideals and the reasons for their existence went by ages ago; and now, though it may be a pleasant ceremony to go into the presence of minister and church, we need to remember that that is only the recognition of the marriage, if it exists, but it cannot create it. What, then, is the power of the State in the matter, and why does the State concern itself with it at all? The State, as I have said, cannot create marriage. A man and a woman go before a magistrate, and confess that they love each other, and promise to take each other for better, for worse, and for all time; and the State simply sanctions this bond which they themselves voluntarily assume, and undertakes to protect them in the rights which are here involved. That is all the State does. The State has just as much to do with the marriage contract as it has with any other contract; that is, it sees to it that the parties to this contract are bound by the power of public opinion and

the penalties of law, if need be, to fulfil these obligations which they have taken upon themselves. That is the office of the State; and here alone is the function of the Church.

There are two or three phrases in our popular marriage rituals that I wish to speak of, as they are illustrations of what has been true of marriage customs in old times. That is, at any particular stage in the world's development, there has always been in society, in government, in religion, customs which are more or less remnants of the pre-existing time, survivals of a lower condition. There are two or three phrases in our marriage service which are such survivals. I have never been able consistently to use the Episcopal marriage service for instance, in which the bride is given away by the father or the guardian to the husband, for the reason that my sense of justice revolts at the implication in such giving away. Who has a right in this stage of the world's progress to *give* the wife to any man? This is simply a survival of the time when the wife was a piece of property to be given or sold, by the father; a piece of property to be purchased, or captured, or stolen, by the husband. But, now that the condition of things represented by that type of barbarism has passed away, it is time the relics of it were left out of our religion. Neither can I consistently use the word "obey" in the marriage service. I never did use it, and I never shall. I know no reason in the wide world why the wife should promise to obey the husband any more than the husband to obey the wife. It will almost always be true that either the husband or the wife will develop a natural taste or talent for leadership; and, if it happens to be the wife that develops this capacity, I know no reason why the husband should not recognize it and follow it as much as the wife should recognize and follow it, provided the natural leadership should fall into the hands of the husband as

a matter of ability. The husband and the wife should stand on the same level, making promises and entering into obligations that are mutual. There is one other survival, which is commonly regarded as a very impressive closing to the marriage ceremony,— the words, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The implication is that, in all these cases, God hath joined the man and the woman together, and that man has no right to put them asunder. If I can be sure concerning any particular case that "the match was made in heaven" or that God did join them together, then I should claim no right to have anything to do with putting them asunder. But I see a great many cases where it seems to me that a due respect for God would relieve him of the responsibility of having had anything to do with them whatever. In such cases as this, I do not see the application of this solemnly pronounced formula.

I want to pass next to that which perhaps is the great question of all,— Who ought to marry? What are the conditions of true, ideal, permanent marriage?

In the first place, I would remark, in a general way and as being, I believe, a general truth, that all men and women ought to marry. Some one asked me, the other day, if I thought it the great business of life for a woman to seek a husband. I answered: By no means, any more than it is the great business of a man to seek a wife. There ought to be perfect equality on both sides. Here is the point that carries with it the meaning I would convey. I believe that the true, ideal life of both men and women is to be found in the marriage relation. There are, indeed, thousands of cases where it is impossible, where it is impracticable, where it is not best; but these are exceptions, and to be justified as exceptions. They are not the rule. There are cases of men and women both, who nobly forego whatever of good and

happiness there may be in the marriage relation for the sake of some higher and more sacred duty. I have, for example, the most intense admiration for Charles Lamb, going through life alone, although susceptible of the tenderest affection, for the sake of an aged father, well-nigh imbecile, and for the sake of a sister hovering all her life on the borderland of insanity, and a large part of the time over that line. Single life, here, is heroism, is nobility, illustrating the grandest type of manhood. So there are thousands of cases of women, who are capable of experiencing all that is sweet and true in a noble marriage, walking alone through life for the sake of sister, or father, or friend, or brother, or mother, in order to devote themselves to their needs. These cases, I think, are noble; and yet, in spite of all this, I believe that that man or that woman who walks through life alone has not realized the ideal of complete manhood or womanhood, for this means marriage and fatherhood and motherhood. Those who fail of this have stopped short, as a tree that should only blossom and bear no fruit: they have stopped short of their ideal and complete development. As a general truth, then, I say that the ideal development of manhood and womanhood means both marriage and parentage.

But there are quite a number of practically serious bars to marriage that should be considered. Two or three of these I shall point out.

I believe that as the family ideal develops, as people have a larger and truer conception of personal responsibility, as they gain in that one thing which, more than aught else, distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian,—foresight and forecasting of the results of actions,—as man develops in these, there will be more and more men and women who will refuse to marry because of inherited disease or of tendency to disease and physical unfitness

for parentage. They will hesitate before they inflict upon the children that they would so tenderly love a life-long burden of inherited physical, mental, or moral disability. I believe that no man, no woman, has a right to marry, unless physically, mentally, morally so sound that there shall be no danger of transmitting injury to coming generations.

There is another bar very rarely recognized, and yet I believe very important. I see cases of men and women marrying who are separated by such bottomless gulfs of inherited and trained opinion as never ought to be bridged, or attempted to be bridged, by the marriage bond. I know these things are treated very lightly. The man thinks that he will persuade his wife to come over to his way of thinking, or the wife thinks she will persuade the husband, or they will agree to disagree; and many times, if the opinions are not too deeply rooted, this can be done. But I have seen more than one life blasted, wrecked, all its happiness destroyed, because there was this fundamental division reaching down clear to the roots of life. Take, for example, an extreme case. A man who is a scientific rationalist falls in love with a woman who is a Catholic, both of them having inherited their ideas, both of them trained for years in these ideas, until they are cemented and made strong. The chances are a thousand to one against their finding happiness and permanent peace in such an attempted union, and the children must grow up under the blighting influence of this divided headship; the mother fearing that the little ones will lose their immortal souls if they think as the father does, and the father looking upon the ideas of the mother with hardly concealed contempt, and treating them as superstitions. Bars like these ought to be very seriously regarded before attempting to break them down.

There is another kind of union that ought not to be

brought about. It is more common in Europe,— Italy, France — and England than here; but it is common enough in this country to make it worthy of notice. That is no true marriage which is a mere union for convenience' sake, or which has for its ultimate object and end the bringing or keeping together of two masses of property or inherited estates. Yet this is one of the commonest things in the world. I feel sometimes, when contemplating a marriage like this, like saying some very harsh things about it. Society looks with bitterest contempt upon a temporary union whose only object is gratification, and the price of which is money; but, for the life of me, I can hardly see any distinction between that and the more permanent one where a very much larger price is paid. If one is to be treated with contempt and outlawed by public opinion, it seems to me the other is worthy of at least equal condemnation.

Turning now from the negative side, let us consider a few of the positive conditions of the true union of heart and soul and life.

I believe, and I speak of it with all plainness and simplicity, that I may, if possible, drag it out of the region of pruriency into the light of day where God made it and where it belongs,— I believe that the first essential of any true and happy marriage ought to be a bond of passionate love; and the man or the woman who is incapable of it never ought to marry. What is passion? It is spoken of, when spoken of at all, with bated breath, as though it were not to be referred to in any way, as though it were of itself evil and impure. It is only force, like chemical attraction or the power of gravitation. It has no moral quality in itself one way or the other. It is only a power, like the wind, capable of blowing on safe voyages or wrecking in shoals, according to circumstances. In itself, it is God-made, noble, pure; and I believe

that any true marriage ought to have this as its first condition and base.

Beyond that, no man should marry a woman upon whom he feels that he must perpetually look down as beneath him, and no woman should ever marry a man upon whom she must look down as her inferior. There is no true marriage that is not based on respect, on reverence; and both man and woman ought to find something in the other that towers like a mountain-top above them, to which they can look up, that lifts, that kindles their ambition, that fires their aspiration. There should be no question of equality or inequality, of superiority or inferiority. The man, if he has married a true woman, will find heights in her nature that are above him; and the woman, if she has married a true man, will find heights in his nature that are above her. In both cases, there should be this capacity of looking up to and appreciating the noblest things in the other.

Once more, there should be, so far as possible, marriage of opposites. Nature generally takes care of this. You will almost always see that, if a man has a predominance of the feminine qualities, he will seek a woman who has a preponderance of the masculine. The man and the woman naturally seek that which they lack. There is an old fable, or legend, among the Jews — and I am not sure but it has been held among other primitive peoples — that man and woman were originally one being, but that an angel was sent down to cleave them in two, to make them separate; and so, ever since that time, both the man and the woman have been wandering over the earth, seeking each the other half. This is a legendary statement of that which is profoundly true, not ideally, but true down in the roots of life, is a matter of physiology. In the lowest forms of life there is no division of the sexes. Each creature is both in one. In higher

developments of life, only, have they been separated, so that they are actually halves of one nature; and they should seek in each case that which they lack. I think it is generally true that they do. If, for instance, you find a man of overmastering intellectual ability, you will see that he does not seek as a wife a blue-stocking (I use this word without any disrespect for the blue-stocking, but simply because I do not know of any other phrase to take its place). If you find a woman with overmastering intellectual ability, she will generally seek some level-headed business man, or accept him, if he seeks her. Very rarely do you find people come together in marriage where this principle is not carried out. Each sex seeks its complement, its opposite. I know, for example,— if I may be allowed a bit of personal experience on the subject,— that, when I am tired with my work, I do not seek the society of a woman who will talk Greek, although I should have no objection to her being able to talk Greek. But men and women both seek that which they lack, that for which they are hungry, and for which nature has not furnished the means of satisfaction in themselves.

There is one other condition as important as any of these; and that is, there can be no perfect permanent marriage, unless there is a basis of good comradeship, wholly apart from the question whether there is marriage or not. What do I mean by that? Just this. If a man and woman can come together in marriage, and if at the same time they are so related to each other that they would find satisfaction in a year-long acquaintance and friendship, even if they were not married, they would have a basis for permanent association outside of the ordinary things that go to make up this relationship. But, if there be nothing of this sort, then, after the novelty has worn away, the husband gets tired of the wife, saying she is no companion for him; and he seeks

some one else. In the same way, the wife gets tired of the husband, and goes to another for companionship. They have no pursuits, no thoughts in common; and so there is no basis for this permanent, happy comradeship. I believe there would be very few unhappy marriages, if this principle were kept in mind. You should marry some one, if you can, whose acquaintance and companionship you would enjoy all the year, even if you were not married to them. Then, you would be pretty safe on the question whether you would be likely to get tired of each other or not.

When ought people to marry? I believe that, as a general thing, men and women ought to marry early. I am aware that a great deal can be said on the other side; and yet I think, nine times out of ten, a late marriage is not so likely to be happy as an early one. Then is the morning of life, when the light is tender and sweet, and the dews are on the grass, and everything is fair and fresh and beautiful. Then is the time, other things being equal, to join hand in hand, and start out to see the beauty and sweetness and good of the world. Those who marry young marry before the personal peculiarities, habits, customs, ways of thought and life, are fixed. I see cases of unhappiness that seem to me to spring out of this fact,— that the man has lived alone so long, and has developed so many personal tastes, and is so fixed in his individual habits, that he cannot give them up. He cannot become assimilated to any new way of life. The same is true on the part of woman. If they can marry before their personal characteristics are unduly developed, they will find it much easier to live together a life that is truly a union. And yet I would not have them marry until each one is educated into a distinct individuality. I would not have the period of learning abridged or cut off in the midst, unless under very exceptional circumstances; for the

chances are that very little regular study will be pursued after marriage. I believe it might be. I hope the time will come when it may be; but, as a matter of fact, study under those circumstances is generally rather desultory, and is likely to be postponed indefinitely.

But one thing I would insist upon, on behalf of those who are wealthy as well as those who are poor. I would have both men and women trained into an ability to earn a personal support, before they give their hand to any other life. For, no matter how much wealth may be inherited, in a country like this, where there is no entailment of property, and where business chances are so many, and fluctuations up and down are so frequent, there are many chances for a husband to be so disabled that he will need the assistance of the wife even in matters of support, in order to keep him from becoming a charge on the general charity. I believe that the woman would enter into marriage after such training with more of the feeling that it is an equal contract. It would add to her self-respect to feel that she could contribute something toward the support of the household, if the time of need should come. I would not have her do it, except in case of necessity; but I would have her able to do it, if the time came when the necessity was laid upon her.

I want now to consider a few of the causes of unhappy marriages. I touched on this briefly at the outset, but I want to dwell on two or three points a little more. What I shall say will have an equal bearing on those who are about to marry and on those who have been married for many a year. I do not know how many of you who are married may need advice in this direction; but I know that we all need to bear in mind some of these essential principles, and to keep clearly outlined the ideal of that which is highest and truest.

In the first place, I find that a great many marriages are

unhappy, because of this thoroughly developed selfishness to which I have alluded on the part of either husband or wife. One wishes to dominate, to control, completely to shape the life of the other. But I believe we ought to bear in mind that this is a voluntary union of two distinct individualities, each complementary to the other. I believe that the husband has a perfect right to go his own way, to be his own man, to do his own thinking, to have his own friends, to pursue his own manner of life in any way he will, so far as these do not infringe upon the equal rights of the wife, so far as he does not withhold from her that which she may rightfully claim. I believe, on the other hand and with equal emphasis, that the wife has the right to develop her own life, to have her own friends, to go her own way, to be her own self as far as she pleases, so long as she does not infringe upon the equal rights of the husband, nor withhold from him that which he may rightfully claim. Many and many an unhappy marriage is brought about by the petty, contemptible spying or supervising jealousy, not of those things which may rightly cause it, but of trifling things. I believe we should guard ourselves here and be wholly and broadly generous. I cannot understand how any man should wish to bind by force a woman to his side who does not stay there from choice. I cannot understand how any woman should wish to bind to herself by force any man that she does not hold by free inclination.

This leads me to the next point, which is a very important one, if you wish marriage to be happy. Be sure that the harness never chafes or galls. When two are pulling away from each other, and feel that they are tied together, the chances are that that which constitutes the essence of marriage is gone. And so I would say to husband and wife both, that, as the most important thing in the world perhaps

toward contributing to a happy home, there should be kept up the old-time courtesy and equality of relationship, the old-time reserve, the old-time attempt to attract and please, just as though there were no other bond to hold them. If you can keep your wife by the power of your personal attraction so that she would follow you to the world's end, you may be sure of her loyalty and love. If you can keep your husband bound to you simply by the force of your own personal attraction, so that it will never occur to him to question whether there is any legal bond between you, you may be sure of his loyalty in this relationship. But the moment either one pulls too tightly on the harness or cracks the whip, that moment the charm is gone.

I would have you, then, carry this matter of courtesy even to the extent of home habits, even in the deepest seclusion of home, even in matters of dress and matters of care and attention and watchfulness. Many a wife feels that her husband does not treat her any longer as he did before they were married, or as he would some other lady who might happen in to spend the evening. Many a husband feels that his wife no longer takes the trouble to attract and charm, but falls back on the dead level of the prosaic fact that she has him now, and that he cannot get away. There is nothing more fatal to the charm, the sweetness, the permanency, the beauty of the married relation than this. I would have you do all you can to develop in yourselves those tastes, those qualities, those characteristics that you find the other lacks or desires. There is a large field here for thought and practical application.

I said at the outset that marriage is not yet developed to its perfection. We have the ideal; and we reach after it, and shall reach it more and more year after year. It will come only by the slow growth of civilization and the perfec-

tion of the individual. You cannot produce perfect marriage by marrying two imperfect men and women; and no laws can make it perfect. The State can only help it on by protecting the development so far as it has gone, and by creating conditions for the further development. But perfection must come in the growth of man and woman in their own personal characters and in their truer ideas concerning this relation. So I do not look for much help from the law. Law is not worth much except as the expression of the opinion of the majority. When you have got public opinion strong enough to enforce the law, then you do not need the law.

Perfect marriage, then, is chiefly a matter of growth; but, when it does come, then will be realized the ideal which has been so beautifully set forth by the poet laureate of England. I wish to close by giving you his ideal as a partially fulfilled fact and as a poetic prophecy of the future: —

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

THE CHILD.

IT is quite common for us to think of the mysteries of the world as far away. We think that the light of knowledge has been shed upon that part of the world on which we stand; and so we look for strange things in the far-off past or in distant lands or in other worlds. And yet the profoundest mysteries of all the universe are right around us, and are even a part of us.

If I could show you here a bit of protoplasm, as the scientists call it, this little particle of living matter would be a mystery as profound as the being of God himself. Here is a particle of matter that has become sensitive to the touch, that has about it that inexplicable quality that we call, without knowing the meaning of the word, life. This is at the basis of every form of life, from the lowest to the highest, so far as we know. As we trace the development from these lowest forms, we find that this little particle of matter assumes new forms in the most wonderful way. As we come up into the higher ranges of existence, life takes on another quality. It is not only sensitive, it not only responds to touch; but it begins to feel, to be conscious of that touch. As we go higher yet, it is not only sentient, not only conscious of touch, not only responsive, and knows that it responds; but it takes on that higher quality still, which we call self-consciousness. That is, it becomes conscious that it is conscious. And so here is this marvellous

organization of matter, — with whatever else added, embodied, or wrought into it we know not, — this wonderful matter that moves about independently, that stands upon its feet, that thinks, that separates itself from other forms of life, and that looks out over the world, and attempts to study and comprehend the universe, and even to trace its own origin. But, wonderful as life is in itself, there is one quality about it which is more mysterious still. Whatever has life has the power of reproducing itself, the power of transferring to offspring its own likeness, its own characteristics, its own qualities, and so repeating over and over again this wondrous fact of life, each individual handing the mysterious torch of life to the next, and then falling back into that unorganized matter out of which it came. It seems to me that here is the profoundest mystery in the world, — a fact in the presence of which we should bow our heads in utmost reverence, conscious that we stand in the presence of an infinite and inexplicable life. Well may each mother exclaim: —

O sweet, delicious motherhood!
I, even I, am part —
I feel it next my heart —
Of that strange power that worlds did brood,
In which all life doth start.

It is the mighty God, I know,
Who thrills my being through —
He lives in star and dew —
And, as June roses bud and blow,
So bids me blossom too.

Within my soul the sacred root
Of this new life runs down, —
Sweet love the seed hath sown, —
Thence upward grows and comes to fruit,
And all my life doth crown.

I am become creator then:
  God's secret I can guess.—
  O wondrous happiness!—
I stand, the mother proud of men,
  That strong sons love and bless.

Close at the universe's core,
  And out through all its range,—
  It rules life, death, and change,—
This secret lives forevermore,
  Sacred, divine, and strange.

The soul that does this burden miss,
  Unlinked in being's chain,—
  It seeks a fancy vain,—
Shirking God's care, life's keenest bliss
  Loses, nor finds again.

The cradle is God's purest shrine:
  At this fair fount of life—
  Hush here, O world, your strife!—
Bow with veiled eyes, and call divine
  The mother crowned as wife.

It is not strange to me that primeval man worshipped this reproductive force of nature and of the world, feeling that here, if anywhere, was God, creator, maker of life. And they read, with very poor critical insight and with very poor taste and with very unclean imaginations, this chapter of the world's history, who look upon it with anything but reverence and awe. And, when we consider that this reproductive power means the recreating of ourselves with all we are of good or bad, it seems to me that, if we comprehend the significance of it, we ought to hesitate, to say, I dare not take upon myself an office like this, unless I feel rationally persuaded that, in health, in brain, in character, I am such that, at least, the child will occupy as high a level

in the world as mine. It seems to me one of the wonders of the world, this power of transmitting life, that shall repeat whatever you are not only, but the far-off ancestor that you for the time represent.

When I look upon my own children, and see them reproducing some trick of bodily motion, facial expression, color of eye or hair; when I see my little boy asleep, and find him instinctively and unconsciously taking the very attitude in which I have slept for years,—I wonder at this strange power that repeats that which has been.

And, here, we find the root of the great law of self-sacrifice which characterizes all life, and which becomes, as life rises to higher and higher ranges, the condition of all that is best and sweetest. All the interdependence, all the mutual care, all the tender love, all the binding together in families, in societies, and in nations, arise here. Self-sacrifice, indeed, it is, in the truest and most literal sense of that word at the very beginning; for the very lowest forms of life cease to exist in the act of reproduction. That is, they simply divide in two. The parents are extinguished, and two children take their place. They divide again, and so on.

As we go higher yet, we find this law of sacrifice still obtains. The parent seems to exist only that it may come to maturity to create a successor. When this is accomplished it ceases to be. As we go higher still, there comes into play what I may call the law of compensation. The parent exists now, not merely for the sake of the offspring, but for the sake of the joy in the companionship of the child. And the individual life may perhaps go on for a long time after the birth of the offspring. Yet the law of sacrifice is just the same; for it is a part of the life itself,—something of body, mind, and soul that constitutes this marvellous individuality that is going to become the life of the child.

The feeling that it is sacrifice, and perhaps all sacrifice, has not died out even among the higher types of life; for we find men and women to-day who are utterly unwilling to take upon themselves the care, the burden, or, as they bluntly express themselves sometimes, the bother of children.

They are not willing, not to assume the responsibility, for they feel none, perhaps, but they do not want the trouble of children; and, if they come uninvited and unwished for, they are turned over to the care of nurses or of servants. And the father and mother have as little acquaintance with them, and as little to do with them, as possible. They interfere with their self-indulgences. They take away from the sum of their dissipations and pleasures. If the mother sees her child at all, it is, perhaps, after the child has been permitted to leave the nursery, and is dressed into positive discomfort to itself, and when the mother is dressed for a party or the street, so that she only looks at her child from a distance,— "You must not touch me: you will rumple my dress! You must not fondle me: you will disarrange my hair!" And so, with a perfunctory kind of kiss, recognizing the fact that, after all, the child belongs to her, the little one is turned over to the nurse; and the mother goes her way. This represents an extreme type; but, if you know much of life, you will recognize that it exists in a great many homes where it ought not, where there ought to be too much intelligence and too much character to admit of it. But there is another side to this matter of self-sacrifice,— the law of compensation. Where life takes on more fulness, more meaning, this law teaches us to recognize that the child gives as well as takes.

Let us note two or three things that the child bestows, as it comes with its arms full of blessing and beneficence. In the first place, the child gives what all higher types, even

subhuman ones, begin to recognize as the joy of parentage. It is not alone the human mother who feels that all her pain is atoned for by the conscious delight that a man is born into the world. Even the higher types of life beneath men rejoice in the presence and care and affection of offspring. But not only do they bring this joy which all true, sweet, typical human lives must appreciate, but they bring also something of self-development to the parents that could come in no other way. It is a law that you cannot escape, that no man nor woman, however noble, fine, sweet, they may be, whether it is voluntary or involuntary on their part, can become quite the ideal man or woman except through the ministry of childhood. For this superadds something of character or training or experience, that lets one into the sweet secret of life, as nothing else does or can.

Another gift the child brings. Mr. John Fiske has wrought out with more care and elaboration than any other man in Europe or America the fact that to the prolongation of the period of human infancy we owe the existence of the human family more than to anything else. When, therefore, you have summed up whatever of sweetness, of joy, of peace, of happiness comes into your definition of the word "family"; when you have studied the relation which the family bears to morals, to religion, to government; when you have defined, weighed, measured that word, so that you know its value, then say this is the gift of the child. For it had not existed but for the fact of this little helpless life coming into the hands of parents and pleading for care and love and training.

There is one other gift that we owe to childhood. Those of you who are old have already learned it: those of us who are younger, I trust, will learn. And that is how childhood can become a staff and comfort to those that need somewhat on which to lean in old age and declining years. I know of

nothing more beautiful than the picture of a strong son or a thoroughly developed daughter lending her arm to the leadership, the care, the support, the comfort of father or mother, when they are old. These, then, are gifts which childhood brings to offset, and a thousand times more than offset, the sacrifice incurred in its behalf.

When I hear a father or a mother talk of the burden of their children, or when I hear of childless people speaking of what a bore it must be to be burdened with children, I know they are ignorant, I know they have not comprehended the depths and the meaning of life; or else I know they are lamentably selfish, undeveloped in those things which make for the higher and sweeter and deeper life of men and women.

But not only is it true that childhood involves sacrifice on the part of father and mother, not only is it true that this has been emphasized and exaggerated, but there is another side of this idea. When we come to the matter of the rights and the training of children, there has been this same exaggerated assertion of the relations of father and mother, and this same overlooking or obliteration of the existence of the rights of the child. You are aware of the fact that, in some of the lower forms of life, the young are sometimes killed, apparently for the purpose of getting them out of the way; though I believe that this, until we come to man, is very rare. But, when we come to humanity, we find it to be by no means an unusual fact. In the status of savagery, parents regard a child as simply a piece of personal property over which they have absolute right,— the right to its life, the right to mould and shape it as they please, a right to make or break according to their whim, to buy or sell or give away or transport or do whatever they please with it. As, however, society develops and civilization

becomes broader and deeper, there comes in a recognition of the other side,— the thought that the child may have some rights itself and that the parents may have some obligations. But it is not strange that we should find this conception of the relation of father and child, when we know the universal conception that the primeval world held as to the relation of man to his gods, the human child to the heavenly Father. I suppose the imagination of this sort of God in heaven is only a kind of reflection of this conception of parentage, so that the two barbarities have gone together. The dogma that might makes right is wrought in heaven and on earth at the same time. Even to-day, among men and women that are called civilized, there is still a lingering feeling that they have a right to do with their children just as they please,— a right to punish or to reward, a right to mould, to shape, to fix, to determine their destiny, in spite of any question of the children's wishes or convenience. This is carried so far as to recognize the idea that any other older life has a right to extinguish any younger or lesser life ; so that I see frequently in households the larger children supposing as a matter of course that they have a right to dominate over the younger ones, that this right goes from father to mother and so down to the smallest, tyranny in each grade over the grade next beneath it.

Yet consider for a moment what are the principles that ought to govern and guide us. If the child is here, it has come at your invitation. The child did not ask to come. If you dare invite a soul out of the infinite into your care, see to it that it comes into arms of loving welcome, tender protection, and patient guidance.

Recognize another principle. Every individual existence on this earth, from the lowest type of life to the highest, stands on an absolute equality of rights. The principle is

not changed anywhere. Any life that exists comes within the range of the sweep of our declaration of independence. It has a right to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These are rights that inhere in the very fact of life, not only human life, but subhuman. It is indeed true that these rights have often to be infringed, because they themselves, by their very existence, sometimes infringe on higher, broader rights of other types of life. But I do most certainly share the feeling of the poet Cowper, and have very little respect for the man "who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." A worm, unless it be interfering with the right, welfare, and happiness of some other life, has as much right to its existence as you have. You have no right to trespass upon the sacred limits of the individuality of any living thing, unless you can produce a warrant in some broader, deeper right for so doing.

How does this apply to the rights of childhood? The smallest child, all the way up, until it starts off on an independent career of its own, has precisely the same rights that you have. What are they? You have a right to lead your own life, to develop yourself in your own way, to be free, to seek your own happiness, so long as you recognize these limits,— that in so doing you do not infringe upon the equal rights of any other thing that lives. The child has these rights, all of them, and to the same extent that you have, with this one limitation,— that each smaller, lower type of life necessarily is confined within narrower ranges of existence, is limited in intelligence and in power, and is dependent for help and guidance upon those older and stronger than itself. These relations of dependence constitute a limit to the freedom of the children; and yet this freedom is not a thing to be limited by your whim or notion. It is a thing to be limited only by the consideration of the welfare

of the child with which you are dealing. It is your business, if you dare bring children here, just so far as possible to secure them in their rights to life, to liberty, to happiness,—liberty, so far as is consistent, in your wise judgment, with the welfare and happiness of the child; to happiness, all that it can find from the beginning all the way through. The world seems to be shy and jealous of happiness; and yet my experience of life is that there is no such overplus of happiness in the world as that we need wilfully or of set purpose diminish it, even in the case of children.

This leads us, then, to consider what are your duties, what are your obligations, in the training of children. What is meant by training children? For what are they to be trained? Of course, in one word, it means that the child is to be trained to live. But what does that mean?

When I speak of children, I wish you to consider that what I say applies to the girl as well as the boy, although, for the sake of convenience, I may speak only of one.

The child, in the first place, ought to be trained in a fitness to stand on his own feet, and, in this great world of conflicting forces, to make room for himself. He ought to be taught how to earn an honest living. That is the first thing, taking precedence of everything else. See to it that, so far as possible, you train every child into a fitness to walk his own pathway in the world, and to confer upon society the equivalent for whatever he may get in the way of honest support, means for his development and happiness.

In order to secure this, it is necessary to train a child to independent judgment concerning truth and error. This is something very rarely thought of. The father is apt to say to his boy, when he asks why such a thing is so and so, "Because I say so." But that is no reason. The very wisest fathers often mistake; and, if the world is to make any prog-

ress, the future must demonstrate that you and I both were mistaken in regard to a thousand things. That is, if the world learns anything that is not known to-day, it has got to be wiser than we are. Let us not be ashamed to confess, even in the presence of our children, that we are not infallible; and let us teach them to learn how to discriminate for themselves between truth and error. This is one of the rarest things in the world. How many men are there in the city of Boston, I care not how well educated, who can take any problem of politics, science, art, religion, or sociology, and investigate it, and look over the whole field, and tell you on which side is the preponderance of evidence? Not one in a thousand is competent to do it. The most of us are mere bundles of prejudices, notions, and superstitions. Our fathers read a Democratic paper, and so we read a Democratic paper. Our fathers cast the Republican vote, and we cast the Republican vote, neither of us being able to tell why, either father or son, except that our fathers did the same before us. And so in religion, so in science, so everywhere, we simply take up our notions as we go along.

Teach children that success in life, making life mean something for good instead of evil to the world, turns almost more than on anything else on their being able to decide on which side they ought to cast the weight of their influence, so that they may help on truth, and not error. Then, as an extension to this idea, teach them most carefully to distinguish right from wrong; teach them why right is right, why wrong is wrong, apart from any consideration of a God in heaven or a king or president or policemen on earth. For these ideas, if they be true, are only indices of facts and laws wrought out as the result of human experience.

The last thing that you must do for them is to train them as fast as possible to get along without you. That, I know,

is the hardest lesson for father or mother to learn; and yet hundreds and thousands of boys and girls have been wrecked, because fathers and mothers could not learn it. It is your business in training your child to make yourself useless as soon as possible. Do not keep children in perpetual tutelage. Teach them to walk alone, on their own responsibility, just as fast as they are capable; for, whether you like it or not. you must vanish from their sight, and your children must walk alone; and, if you have not taught them to do so, where will they learn the lesson except from the rough blows and knocks of the world? Train your children then to independence of yourselves just as fast as possible. See to it, if you can, that they are drilled in intelligence, in heart, in knowledge of how to live, in the principles of right and wrong, so that they shall be able to walk alone while you are with them, so that you can overlook their walking and supplement your training, if need be. This is the one great object of father's and mother's care. The eagle has discharged its duties to its young, when it has taught them to leap from the edge of the nest, to fly into the air toward the sun, to secure their own prey, and to live an independent and complete life.

But in learning to be independent there must be sad experiences on the part of the child. There must come in the element of correction, of penalty, of suffering, and this no matter whether inflicted by yourselves or by some other force.

Let us see, for example, what the child has to learn in this direction, and how naturally penalty comes. If you should watch with an intelligent eye the first few days in the life of a little child, you would see that it has not yet learned to distinguish between itself and those things around it which are no part of its existence. It has not learned the differ-

ence between the self and the not-self. How will it learn that? By bruising itself against hard external facts, by coming in conflict with them and suffering pain and shedding tears, it learns that these are facts that limit its own little individual existence. So, little by little, it learns the lesson that I am I, and that here is something that is not a part of me, which limits my life and my movements. Pain here is beneficent. If it were not so, if fire did not cause smarting and anguish, what should hinder the child from being burned away? What should hinder the sharp knife from dismembering the child? The child, then, has to learn its limitations, the conditions of its life. It must learn what we call the laws of health, and it must learn these at the cost of pain. It eats something that makes it sick, and, if it is a wise child, it learns not to do that again; although there are a great many people, not children, who have not learned this one lesson even yet. So, in regard to all the laws and conditions of health, the child learns that there are limitations to its actions; that there are courses of conduct it cannot follow, but at its peril. So it learns to walk its own pathway and recognize the facts of its own existence.

Then, it learns another set of limitations,— that it is not alone in the world, that there are other children and grown people who have rights. It finds the limitations that go along with the fact that we are members of society. It learns at the cost of suffering and pain, at the cost of self-denial, at the cost of longing for things which cannot be possessed; and so, at last, it becomes wise enough to condition its desires, if possible, by the facts of its surroundings.

Now, it is your business as parents to teach them these lessons, to help them to learn how to live. Many a time perchance it may be that you feel, in order to teach these lessons, that you must inflict punishment, attach penalties to your commands, to the disobedience of your orders.

Let us look for the principles that underlie the obligations of the parents. I recognize, of course, the differences in children. No two children, even in the same household, can be treated precisely alike. They are different in instinct, in taste, in habit, in feeling, in desires; and no hard and fast, cast-iron rules will apply to them all equally. I believe that a large part of that which goes by the name of family discipline, or parental punishment of children, is pure, sheer, simple barbarity. I hardly pass along the streets, in summer or in winter, for a great distance, that I do not feel outraged at seeing the rights of small children ruthlessly, passionately, needlessly trampled upon by somebody, just because that somebody is bigger than the child.

I saw a little item in a newspaper the other day, that illustrates this point. A father said to his son, "Do you know why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is because you are bigger than I am." And that is generally the reason why children get whipped. I believe that, nine times out of ten, if not ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when the father or mother passionately, in anger, strikes a child, they are the ones that ought to be struck themselves. I would not apply my own experience as a universal test; but I never but once struck one of my children. And I would give a large sum of money to-day, if I could take that back; for, as I look at it now, I recognize it as utterly inexcusable. And, most of the time, your own experience or your own observation, with a little thought, will convince you that it is true that it is passion, it is anger, it is whim, it is anything but a calm, dispassionate consideration of the welfare of the child that leads to punishment. It is a cuff, a knock, a blow, to get it out of the way, or because the child does not instantly respond to some momentary whim of yours. You have no right to subordinate

a child — simply because it is smaller than you — to your whims and notions. The child has just as much right in this regard as you have. I sometimes wish, for the thousands of parents like this over the world, that some giant, with a small pine tree, would stand in the same relation to them that they do to their children, and let them see how they like it for a while.

I do not by any means wish to say that nothing like punishment is to be inflicted. Many and many a time it must, but the principle by which you ought to be guided is as clear as sunshine. What is it? The one thing you are to do is to teach the child the laws and limitations of his nature,— what he ought to do, how he ought to act, how he ought to think. And you are to stand to the child as a representative of the nature of things, so far as possible; and let the child feel that, when you do inflict a penalty or punishment of any kind, it is as a natural and necessary result of his ignorance or wilfulness or of something that is wrong in him that needs correction for his good. That is, take the side of the child. Let him see that, even in punishment, you are on his side, and that you are meting out this penalty because it is a part of the nature of things, and that it cannot be helped if he is to learn how to live. The child then will recognize the reason, the necessity, the law, and even the love of the parent, who with tears perhaps, or with tears unshed in the heart if they do not fall from the eyes, inflicts pain which he would gladly spare, if he might. There is a law of penalty. Let your child feel that penalties are appointed simply as the limits of right living and right action, to indicate where he is overstepping the lines of what he must do and must be, and that you in the matter of penalty are only helping him to learn the lesson of how he must live.

Thus, then, we ought to stand related to our children.

We bring them here. They are put into our hands; and it is our fault generally if they do not learn the lesson of life so that they can walk through their career honestly, honorably, taking out of life whatever of sweetness and beauty it has for them, and putting into it as they go along the equivalent of that which they take out.

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

"Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

"In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

"Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

"That to the world are children.
Through them, it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

"Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

THE HOME.

Not only every person and every creature, but even every thing, seeks its home,— a place of poise and rest. Even an insensate stone, detached and set loose, will roll and roll, until it comes to some position of equilibrium once more. And this, though in the range of the inanimate, figures forth that which we find to be true, so far as we can carry our investigations, in the highest regions and ranges of life. The mosses and the lichens — the lowest types of vegetable life — have each their habitat,— a place where they find appropriate food, light, soil, atmosphere. Children who are fortunate enough to spend at least a part of their time in the country, and who have free range of the woods, soon come to find out what they speak of as the "home" of this plant or flower or wild growth,— the home of the checkerberry, the home of the beautiful mosses, and all those things that attract their childish curiosity and attention. And it is a strange, curious fact, suggesting to me infinite depths of mystery, to find these non-conscious forms of life seeking, as we say, the appropriate conditions for their own development. You have all noticed how, if a seed becomes planted under a stone or in some dark place, it will creep and creep out from under these oppressive conditions, and reach out to the very extent of the life and power there is in it, in search of water, of light, of what, to it, makes its appropriate home.

When we come up to the higher ranges of life, to those

creatures that are capable of independent movements and of personal choice, the idea becomes more clearly manifested still. Each reptile, fish, bird, animal, the wide world over, has its own home,—a place where it finds appropriate conditions for the development of its own life, the satisfaction of its own wants. The tiger has his lair, the eagle his eyrie, the robin her nest; and, however widely they may wander in search of food or in play or adventure, or in the mere exercise of their superfluous physical strength, to these homes they invariably come back, to find rest, refreshment and peace.

In the lowest type of savage life, however rude it may be, however little it may correspond to our conception of home, still each one has his hut, his tent, his cave, some place that he has sought out or created, that stands to him in the relation of home, where he lays up his treasures, where he finds peace after the chase or the battle, and where he seeks the satisfaction of his own few, simple, undeveloped wants.

If we come up to the highest type of man yet developed, we find him inhabiting a home that science has taught him how to build, that taste has helped him to furnish, that art has decorated, and that has in it food and stimulus for whatever there is in a man or whatever a man may be; that is the development and the so-far completion of this one universal want, this desire of all things that are and live.

There are some wonderful illustrations of this homing instinct on the part, not only of the lower world, but even of man. I think, if we study it, we shall find ourselves amazed at the familiar phenomenon of the carrier pigeon, that seeks, through whatever obstructions, in the face of whatever difficulties, to find the home from which it was carried, unconscious of the human purpose it is serving with the love message it bears about its neck or under its wing.

"The dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

"But high she shoots, through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way."

Our hearts respond to these beautiful words of Moore, as he pictures this which is familiar to us, but whose significance is rarely appreciated. Akin to this is the habit of so many birds migrating as the seasons change, organizing themselves, apparently choosing a leader, and then, for hundreds of miles, high over earth and sea, seeking a place of rest, a position suitable for their wants and desires for the time being,—going south, as the ice begins to be felt in the air; and, then, as the spring days come, and the southern breezes fan our cheeks, coming back again. Then, some morning, when the spring has advanced far enough, so that we can lift our window, the robin, perhaps, that knew us and fed from our hand last year, flutters down to the window-seat, and looks us in the face, as if he recognized an old acquaintance. I have been amazed, as I have read the story of the Columbia River salmon,—how, born way up by the head-waters in the mountains, at a certain time of the year they come down hundreds of miles to the mouth, until they feel the waters of the ocean coming up to meet the waters of the river; and, then, at the close of the season, how, in spite of all obstacles, they fight their way back again to the old birthplace up the river, in the face of nets and traps and snares set to catch them, in the face of difficulties of every kind. Without food, tireless, restless, they urge their way on and reach the end, often only to deposit

their eggs and die. Yet it seems as if they must feel something of restfulness, of satisfaction, at having reached the old home once more.

As we come up into the region of human life, how our hearts have thrilled, and always will thrill, as we contemplate that scene,— the wandering of the famous ten thousand Greeks under the leadership of Xenophon; how, after their wanderings and battles in foreign lands, struggling to get home once more, they climb at last the hill-tops, and shout with a voice that has echoed in the romantic imagination of the world's literature ever since, and that finds its response still in our hearts: "Thalassa! thalassa!"— "The sea! the sea!"— because beyond the sea was home; these were waters with which they were familiar. And so their hearts rejoiced, and their voices shouted that joy on the air. However trite it may be, however much worn to our thought or feeling, there is still a tender place in every heart for the familiar song of John Howard Payne: —

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain.
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
Give me them,— and the peace of mind dearer than all!"

It is because these simple words touch the heart of humanity that America was not content until he who wrote them had been brought from over the sea, from his grave in a foreign country, that he might at least find final rest in the home of which he had sung so well. So the whole country rose up to welcome his unconscious remains, as they came to

sleep in his native soil. These are illustrations of what home means to the heart, and how eagerly from lowest to highest we all seek after its peace and its rest.

But, running all the way through, there is one principle of which we need to take note, in order that we may comprehend the meaning of this word "home." That principle is this. Home finds its definition in the wants, in the capacity, in the desires of the home-seeker or home-maker. In other words, that which is home to one may be a foreign land to another. It all depends upon the nature of the capacities and the wants of him who seeks or strives to make a home.

For example, as I intimated at the outset, so far as the word can be properly used at all in such a connection, a stone is at home wherever it finds a position of equipoise, of rest. The mosses and the lichens are at home wherever they find a place to root and cling, wherever they find moisture, sunshine, air, so that they can develop according to their capacity. A fish needs a wider home, but is satisfied with clear water, with food, with a place of shelter under the overhanging bank or in the shadow of a rock or among the long grasses by the edge of the stream. Reptiles need a wider range, and more of a home still, because their nature is larger. When we come to the bird, we see that it is capable of building its own home to meet its own wants.

As we come up into the still higher grades of life, the conception of the home grows higher and has more and more significance. That which has been a home to the lower types of human life would be anything but home to us. The homes even of those that we look upon as having lived in the heroic age would be barren and poor and hungry places enough for the most of us. The savage finds a satisfactory home in his hut or tent, a mere place in which to sleep and eat and hang up his weapons and provisions. It has not

about it even the first elements, as we would say, of home. When you come to the time of ancient Athens, to the typical old Greeks of the heroic age, we find the home that was satisfactory to them anything but such as we would be contented with to-day. The women of the household had their separate apartments, from which they rarely went out, perhaps never, unattended. The house was simply a place for them to sleep and eat, to do their simple household work, their weaving or whatever it might be; but there was no recognition anywhere that the woman had a heart or a brain that needed satisfaction. There was no provision whatever for the whole higher range of human thought and hope and aspiration that we speak of to-day as distinctively womanly. Even the man in that age did not find his house a home; for a man's home is where he finds rest, food, satisfaction, whether at his own or at some other house. Home is not a place. It is not walls. Home includes rest, peace, comfort, joy. The Greek, then, was not at home in his house half as much as he was in the market-place, in the groves of the Academy, in the colonnades of the Stoics, in the place where he found satisfaction for his mental nature. His house was not a place where there was a library and books for this higher nature. He came to his house to eat and sleep, to invite a friend to dine, sometimes for a convivial hour; but it was not home in the sense in which we use that term.

Again, as we look over the places that pass for homes throughout parts of Europe, the places where peasants live, the cot of the Highlander in Scotland, of the Irishman in his own country, of the peasantry in Germany and Italy, what are they? Generally only bare walls, not an attempt at ornamentation, hardly even at neatness. No food for a man in it. Poor food at best even for the body. No food for the brain; very little, and many a time none, for the heart. They are only fragments of homes.

As we come to better homes in America,— and the same is true, of course, in many other lands,— we begin to get an outline, and at least a part of the true conception, of what we mean by the grandest use of that word; home for whatever is in a man.

But, before we go on to treat of this point more particularly, I want to notice another principle that is involved here, and which is of much importance to the full understanding of our theme.

In the lower forms of life there is only the seeking of the home, never the making of one. The mosses and the lichens that I spoke of will put forth some effort to get into the proper condition where they may live. The lowest types of animal life will seek out the place of shelter that nature has provided for them, where they can find food and peace. But they are not able to change nature at all. They are not able to construct a home even with the crude materials that nature furnishes them. But go up one step higher, and there is a very marked and significant change. We find creatures capable of building for themselves nests and lairs, using the materials that nature has furnished, improving that home almost indefinitely, if you only give them better materials and a better opportunity. A bird, for example, will build its nest in the crotch of a tree or under the eaves of a house or a temple, and will build as fine a home as the materials and the situation will allow; but it cannot change the conditions.

But, when we come to the higher grades of life, there comes in this principle. Man is capable of finding not simply a place of rest and adapting himself to the conditions that nature furnishes, but of changing the conditions, of controlling nature, of making nature better than it is, of realizing his ideal; not only working over the materials with which he

constructs, but even changing the situation and the whole surroundings, recreating the very earth itself; creating better air, draining the earth of the malaria in its swamps, turning that which is poisonous into health, controlling the conditions of the atmosphere and even the weather by his works. He is therefore able to build a home capable of meeting every want, every desire of his being. He is capable of a step even beyond that. He is able, under the inspiration of his ideal, picturing it by the force of the imaginative faculty, to create a home beyond and above, broader and deeper and higher than his present. He can create a home that shall be to him a perpetual stimulus, that shall not only fit him as he is, but that shall be to him a constant incitement to growth; that shall ever call to him, "Come up higher, broaden yourself, be larger, deeper, nobler than you are." This is what man is capable of doing in the way of taking that which is put into his hands and of shaping it after the image of his own ideals and into the service of his own noblest and truest life.

But I suppose, as we look over the world, that all of us will be obliged to confess that very rarely, if ever, have we as yet seen the ideal home. Most homes are only fragments. The defect of many a home is not necessarily an index of a defect in a man's taste or nature. It may indicate only the limitation of his means. But, whatever the cause, most homes are only fragments. They are not the ruins of ideals once achieved. They are not like cathedrals and old buildings, that we find interesting even in their broken condition, because they tell a story of past completeness, from which they mark a decadence. They are rather homes only half or two-thirds completed. They are erected on one side, and not yet finished on the other. They are homes where the kitchen is complete, but the

library is not yet finished; or where the library is complete, but the kitchen defective; where there is a place for the brain, but no room for the heart; where one side of the nature is satisfied, but the other hungers and dies for lack of food.

As illustrating this point, I want to indicate two or three types of these fragmentary homes such as we are too familiar with.

You need not leave Boston to find the worst possible type of a tenement-house home,— a home where want and squalor and filth and all uncleanness abound; a place which is not a home even for the body, which does not attempt even to reflect the idea that man is anything else but a body. Not only that, but it does not make even half provision for a healthy animal. Such homes breed seeds of corruption and disease, and everything noisome and foul. You and I have an interest in these things beyond the mere knowing of them as facts. No matter where you live, no matter how fine your house, whether in the suburbs or on Beacon Hill, you have a direct and personal interest in the slums.

From slums, where foul diseases hide,
The free winds travel far and wide.

The rich man, living on the square,
Throws wide his windows for the air.

His petted child, with every breath,
Drinks in the viewless seeds of death.

The rich man, bowed down by his woe,
Wonders why God should send the blow.

The parson wonders too, and prays,
And talks of "God's mysterious ways."

But know, O man of high estate,
You're bound up with the poor man's fate.

The winds that enter at your door
Have crept across his attic floor.

If you would have "all well" with you,
Then must you seek his welfare too.

If even selfishness were wise,
It would no other life despise.

Then there is another fragmentary home, the one where there is a fair and, in the main, satisfactory provision made for the body, but where it does not seem to have entered into the conception of the inhabitant that man is anything else than a social animal. As a type of this, take the poorest class of New England farm-house homes, such as many of us were born in, and have, thank God, grown out of. It is not a fault, many a time it is rather a misfortune, that the home is such as it is; for the farmer and his wife, pinched with poverty, struggling with inadequate means year after year, are, perhaps, doing the best they can; though I do believe that, in half of the cases where they have a little money in the bank, hoarded away for a time when they will never use it, if they understood better, they could feed something of their higher life, and, when the time came for them to die, it would not be, as it so many times is, the death of an animal. It might be the death of a man. Take those old, pinched country homes, where everybody lives in the kitchen, where very rarely there is a fire kindled anywhere else, even in the coldest weather. There may be a spare room; but it is never opened, except when company comes. In that room there will be a table, with a family Bible on it too good to be used, that is dusted whenever the room is swept, or a child is born and the name must be written in the family record. There may be two or three books,— Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, the beginning

of a novel in the shape of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,— a poor print of George Washington, in the way of rudiments of art, upon the wall, or perhaps a dismal display of a wreath of hair, in memory of some one dead. Out of such a home as this, the boys, as soon as they can, rush in sheer desperation, to find something to meet their boyish nature and wants.

Another type of the fragmentary home, and there are too many of these, is that one which is filled with luxury for the body, but with no provision for anything higher; where the upholsterer has done his best; where some friend has advised the owner in the buying of pictures, which may be meritorious or may not; where money has done all it knows how in the way of furnishing supplies for the body; and yet where all the talk is of dress, of parties, of balls, of horses; of who attended the last soirée, what they wore, whether their diamonds were genuine or were Rhine stones; whether this person or that was of the proper character or ought to have been admitted; whether they were not demeaning themselves by associating with persons whose income was a little less than their own,— all these things indicating a type of life purely and simply animal, not approaching human life any more than the life of a horse approaches it, because he is in a luxurious stable.

Then there is the home that is too good to use, where the children must not touch the walls with their fingers, lest they injure the frescoing or painting; where the chairs are so beautiful that they must be covered from one end of the year to another; where the whole house is made uncomfortable for the sake of keeping it fresh and new and looking as little like a home as possible. This is only a hint: you can finish the picture for yourselves.

There is one other home which has been too common

in our New England life,— the home called religious, severely religious, but that I call *irreligious* from beginning to end; where happiness is a sin, where amusement is never allowed, where a smile is questionable indulgence, where a pack of cards is never seen, where a game of any kind is tabooed, where the children must not laugh, even on week-days over much, and never, if possible, on Sundays. I came from a home something like that, yet it was only one-half the head of the house that made it so. My mother was one of the sunniest of women. I remember how I used to shout and laugh and play on the floor until father came home; and then I must stop all that. I remember that once I picked up somewhere a jest-book and was devouring its fun, when it had to be taken away. I never was allowed to touch a card, to dance, or to indulge in any more sinful game than that of checkers, and not much of that. This idea of the home, where the child nature must be offered up as a sacrifice to the Puritan Moloch called God, is another type of the fragmentary home,— a home that was intended to feed only the religious life; and a poor, weazened, shrivelled up type even of that.

Now, let us turn to the positive side of the question of the home. In treating of this, I shall be obliged to tread over some of the steps just taken, but with another purpose. I want, if I can, to outline to you with sufficient clearness the ideal of the complete human home, so that you may do what you can to realize it.

In the first place, home must be the place where can be developed a complete and perfect bodily life. This is too frequently disregarded. Such matters as drainage, as good air, as the conduct of the kitchen and the cooking of the food, those things that touch the question of the proper care of the physical life are all important. There never can be a home

that shall be anything but a hospital, a refuge, a resting-couch for disease and irritability and pain, unless first the body be regarded and made what it ought to be. People are afraid, for example, of ventilation. They are afraid of night air. I wonder if it ever occurred to them that during every twelve hours out of twenty-four there is nothing but night air, unless you save over the second-hand stuff you have breathed during the day. Fresh air is the great prime essential of health. Next, I hope America will some day wake up to the downright barbaric way of our cooking. Cooking is an art, a science rather, and one of the most difficult sciences. Yet we wonder because a recent importation from Cork is not able to give us the best results inside of two or three weeks in our kitchen. I hope that the time will come when we shall outgrow the barbarity of having a kitchen in every house. If you stop to think of it, you will see that it indicates a lack of civilization, as much as it would if a man had a boot-shop or a tailor shop or a hat-shop, and everything else in his house, as the primitive barbaric men did have. The time will come when what we talk of now as co-operative housekeeping will be realized, when men of year-long training and scientific knowledge, who understand feeding this wondrous life of ours, will furnish us our food. This matter of health in the home, then, lies at the base of it all.

There is another point here that I need to touch on, because of its importance in the matter of health,—the table. Did you ever notice the difference between the effect of a dinner upon you that you ate cheerfully, laughingly, telling stories, in the presence of good company, and the effect of one eaten gloomily, in a depressed condition, in dismal surroundings? This is almost more important than the matter of cookery itself. Cheerfulness, joy, good humor, at

the table, have more to do with digestion than almost anything else. Make your table then before all things sunny and bright. Make your dining-room cheery. Leave your business cares and worries outside, and for one hour gather about you all the sunshine you can find indoors or out.

After the matter of health in the ideal home, the next thing is to make it a place of ease, of real unbending, of rest, physical and mental. To this end, guard against having the house too good to use. Let the sun come in. If there is anything that depresses me and makes me uncomfortable as I go into a home, it is to find the windows shielded and guarded and decorated so that any one would imagine that the object of a window was a thing to hang curtains about. And if, in the very centre of this heavy drapery, there is a little free space, it is sure to be filled up with plants or a bird-cage, so that it is impossible for air to come in or for one to put his head out. No room in a house should be too good for the children to use at the proper time. They should not be made to think perpetually of the furniture.

Another point, and on this I touch with something of hesitation and delicacy. I do not wish to take up the question whether a man should smoke or should not: I only wish to say to the ladies: If your husband does smoke, do not drive him out doors or to the club to do it. Do not sacrifice him for the sake of your curtains. If he is a husband worth having, he is worth a good deal more than the furniture in the house. Whatever a man wants to do, or needs to do, or *will* do, help him to do it at home; and you may be sure of one thing,— that he will not go to half the excess or do half the injury to himself, by doing it there, that he would by doing it anywhere else. If a man were determined to drink, I believe his wife had better let him drink what he *will* at home than drive him away to do it. I do

not believe that there are many men who get intoxicated at their own dinner table. There is a restraint there that they feel nowhere else.

Make home usable, then. Make it orderly and within your means. Make it as beautiful as possible. I never feel like sneering at even the crudest chromo on the wall, if it is the best the home can afford. This rudimentary taste for art is the beginning of something that may lead a man up into the highest realms of beauty and delight. Suppose you should find a dog hanging on the walls of his kennel the rudest bit of color, you would say, That is the beginning of what may lead him up to where he can stand on his feet, and shake hands with a man. Cultivate then the beautiful, so far as you can. See that, wherever the children look, their eyes shall meet something beautiful, something that has about it a flavor of the old civilizations, a touch of the old masters, that shall appeal to the imagination, that shall thrill and lift them up into an atmosphere above and beyond the commonplace.

Next, so far as possible, make the home a place for intellectual training. Have books, books everywhere. They are cheap enough to-day, so that the day-laborer on common wages need not starve his mind. The finest literature of the world is within the reach of any man above pauperism; and even he may easily find some generous man to give him all he will use.

Make home, then, a centre for intellectual training; and remember that the child learns his habits of speech, his use of English, his rudiments of education, from you and your ordinary conversation, more than from any other source. I was interested, only a day or two ago, in hearing it said by a friend that Judge Hoar had never studied grammar in his life. Yet he is one of the most finished speakers and

writers that we have. He learned it, he said, from the fact that his father and mother tried never to speak anything but good English in his hearing, and always took pains to correct him and teach him, when he was young. I saw also, the other day, that Wendell Phillips, when Frederick Douglass was going to England, and he was telling him his ideas about how an orator should be trained, gave him this as the fundamental rule: Never allow yourself to use a word in private, or in common conversation, that you would not be willing to use on the platform. In other words, recognize the omnipotence of habit, and learn to do right unconsciously. Then, you may trust yourself to the freedom and flow of public speech.

As another important point, try to keep the level of your children's reading a little above their present taste and ability. Give them books that they can touch, but that they must reach up to,— something higher than their spontaneous taste would choose. After a little, they will come up to this level; and, then, give them something higher yet.

Nothing is more important than what I will call the atmosphere of the home,— not the physical air, but the mental, the moral, the social, the affectional atmosphere. You know what it means. You know how, sometimes, as you go into a house, you feel an oppression. You know that there has been sleet in the air. It is chilly. Or you know that there has been a tempest; and you perceive the effects of it, not in a clearing of the air, but in making it uncomfortable. The housekeeper knows that potted plants in a certain room, in spite of all her care, will die. Proper water and soil seem to be of no avail. There is something in the air that kills them. So, in thousands of homes, all over America, there is something in the air, intangible, that you cannot analyze, that kills the sweet flowers of courtesy

and comfort and peace and enjoyment and love. See to it that the atmosphere of the home is such a one as that all the finest and sweetest things of life can breathe there.

Then, last of all, to crown the perfect home, to match a man at all points, from body up to God, see to the religious outlook of your home. Do not have it shut in at the top. If there is a dome, let it be crystal, so that the stars can shine down through. I do not mean by this that you should cultivate any special dogmas or any special traditions. I mean rather that you should cultivate those sentiments at the root and base of religious life everywhere,— that respect, that reverence, that admiration for whatever is true, whatever is pure, whatever is uplifting, whatever has about it the quality of the divine. Leave your home open at the top for an outlook for faith. Teach the heart to reach upward, with trust to push out its tendrils toward the light, to bud and blossom into hope of that larger, finer, brighter life, which folds the earth round like an atmosphere of divinity, and which has in it the suggestion and the promise of endless unfolding.

Body and brain and heart
  And aspiration high,
With foot upon the earth
  And eyes that search the sky;

Complete in every part,
  Yet hinting some high plan
But dimly seen as yet,—
  Such is ideal man.

What home, then, shall he build
  To match himself, and still
Incite him to put forth
  Each day his nobler will?

Health lay its corner-stone,
  Love make its atmosphere,
Knowledge its windows be,
  Faith find the up-look clear.

Around the cosey hearth
  Let childhood make its nest,
And weary hearts and hands
  In trusting love find rest.

Let sympathy make room
  For friends to enter here;
Let laughter, music, games,
  Contribute each their cheer.

The door swing ever free
  Where truth would enter in,
Or love go out to help
  Earth's sorrow or its sin.

All things sweet, fair, and high,
  Make room for in your plan:
Thus build a noble home
  To house a noble man.

SOCIETY.

WE find the fact of society in existence even in that life which is prehuman, and which we ordinarily speak of as subhuman. Witness, for example, an association of bees, or the community that leads the wondrous life that is developed in an ant-hill: notice a flock of birds, a herd of wild horses or of buffalo. We find here the rudimentary manifestations of precisely the same forces and principles which, in their ultimate outcome, form the highest development of human society. We find, as the basis of these associations, two primal, universal, eternal wants,—the same ones which lie at the basis of human society itself. These are the want of help in the external life,—where the individual is not sufficient to himself,—and also an equal want in the development of the internal life: the want of help, the want of sympathy. Animals and birds and insects associate together for mutual self-defence, for the procuring of food, for assistance in their long migrations, for the building of their homes, finding in this mutual assistance an ability which none of them possesses alone. Then, we find here, also, this wondrous development of internal needs, which are the rude beginnings, as we believe, of the highest mental, moral, and spiritual manifestations of humanity,—the need of sympathy, friendship, love; something of pity and tenderness, crude manifestations of beneficence. But,

when we come to the highest grade of our human life, we find these same principles indeed, but they are unspeakably more developed and wider in their scope and range. People sometimes, in a thoughtless sort of fashion, talk of their personal independence, and boast in pride that they have fought their own way, that they stand on their own feet, that they owe nothing to anybody; and, in the true sense of the word, so far as it is possible, this is a grand characteristic of human nature. We all ought to be proud of being self-centred, of making our own way in the world, of doing our own work, of standing for something, so that we may boast of an individuality of our own. Yet, carry this as far as you can, you will find it does not touch or interfere with that other broader, deeper, higher fact,—that we are of necessity, in every direction, mutually dependent on each other, and that all the finest and sweetest things of life are those that we have helped each other work out, that no one of us could possibly have attained alone.

Let us take, for example, a very simple illustration. Go back in mind to this morning's breakfast-table. Look over it, and see for how large a part of it you are indebted to your fellow-men. Some one in Java or Brazil raised your coffee for you. Somebody else brought it over the seas, ground and prepared it, and placed it on your table. Your tea came from Japan or China; your beefsteak, perhaps, from Texas or some one of the States or Territories of the West. Your cutlery may have come from Sheffield, England; your china and table ware from some other distant part of the world. And so everything that constituted this simple beginning of your daily life was something you could not possibly have wrought out for yourself alone. You were indebted for them to society,—that great aggregate of hu-

man activities of which we are parts, and to our indebtedness to which we give so little attention. Then, after breakfast, perhaps you sat down over your morning paper. Think what wide-spread and intense social human activities are summed up in that wonderful product of the modern world! Correspondents, writers, explorers, perhaps at the risk of health or of life itself, journeying all round the world, have sent, along these trembling telegraphic wires,— another product of social enterprise and ingenuity,— these items of news that you discuss in your commonplace way, perhaps thinking there is nothing of much importance this morning, overlooking the fact that here is one of the most wonderful things in all the world. Then, if you look about your dining-room, the designs of the decorative paper or painting on your wall, the patterns of the carpet under your feet, the pictures that delight your eye,— all these represent the efforts, the thoughts, the aspirations, the labors of humanity for untold ages. They are the summed-up product, the efflorescence of the world, the gifts to you of society. So it is in every department of human life all around you. We depend upon each other, whether we will or not. He who writes a book would never think of writing it but for the fact of society, that somebody will read it. The author is as dependent on the reader as the reader is dependent on the author; and he who labors for years to train his mind, his eye, his thought to grand ideals and his fingers to the requisite subtleness of touch, so that he can produce a beautiful statue or a fine painting, does it because he knows that his fellow-men wait for, and will requite, all the finest things he is capable of doing for them. So, in literature, in science, in art, everywhere, we depend upon each other, and find in the fact of this social life of ours the reason and the possibility of all that is highest and finest in existence.

When we turn from this side of our external necessities, the need we have of the help of our fellow-men in order to create for ourselves the outside civilization of the world, and look into our souls,—the inner mental, moral, spiritual life,—we find our dependence the same. Poets sing of the beauties there are in solitude; yet they generally do it in the bosom of their families, and surrounded by their friends. What does it mean then? It means only the imaginative creation of a place of retirement and rest for one who is weary of over-much association with his fellows; for all of us have need at times to withdraw from contact with others, and to enter into that lone world, where each soul stands isolated, where no voice can ever come, where no footstep can enter, and where only One has free range of this retiring place of the heart. But solitude, as a real fact in man's experience, is something that, after a little time of rest, becomes irksome and unbearable to us. If any one of us could to-day be magically transported to Italy, and made the sole owner and inhabitant of that magnificent palace of Count Borromeo, on Isola Bella in Lake Maggiore, and be there shut out from our fellows, with all the delights of the world around us; and if there could be some magical preparation by which every possible want could be met, so that we should be surrounded with everything that could charm the eye and minister to the taste,—everything refined in art, everything high in literature,—under the beautiful blue sky, looking out over the calm waters,—yet, if we were compelled to stay there alone, it would become a prison, to escape from which we would be willing to take our way into some tangled jungle of the world, or even to live in the lowest, rudest hut that barbaric ingenuity ever constructed, that so we might have some fellowship, somebody into whose face we could look, some-

body whose hand we could grasp, somebody to look into our eyes and answer our speech. I believe that there is no truer bit of writing, trite though it may be, than those few simple words with which Cowper has represented Alexander Selkirk on his lonely island: —

"O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
I start at the sound of my own.

"Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!"

But it is not simply this desire for fellowship, for companionship with our kind that distinguishes man. Run up, in thought, from the lowest development of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life to the highest; think of the tenderness, pity, gratitude, love, hope,—all these things that crown and beautify and distinguish human life,—and remember that each one has been developed through the means of human association. You might possibly imagine a man as being religious, if there were nobody on earth except himself and God. But morality, all these finer and superior human characteristics that make up the beauty of life, would have no soil in which to grow, no air to feed them, no dews and no rains to nourish their life, if we were isolated utterly from our kind. So much, then, for this common universal, eternal

fact of the mutual interdependence of the units that make up society.

Let us turn now to consider two or three phases of this great fact of society as it exists all around us. Let us see what it means, what are our relations to it and our duties toward it.

If we ask why it is that people associate with each other, we shall only be able to note the fact. We may as well ask why two or three or a dozen chemical elements, when brought into requisite nearness to each other, will rush together to form a compound. Nobody knows why. We talk about chemical affinity and think we have explained it; but that is only another way of stating the fact that they do it. So when we ask why it is that people love each other, why it is that two persons form a lasting friendship, why we feel attracted to one and repelled by another, nobody knows. We can only state the fact. The whole philosophy of it is summed up in these very familiar lines: —

> "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But only this I know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

That is all we can say about it. We know the fact, and that is all that we need to know. I suppose no two people were ever married that there were not some to say, "I do not see what they could find in each other so attractive." I hear every little while somebody saying: I wonder at the close and intimate friendship that exists between those two people. I see nothing especially attractive in either of them. "Just as though it were necessary that you should": as George William Curtis says, in *Prue and I.* It is not necessary that you and I should know why two people are attractive to each other.

My point in referring to this is to bring clearly to your minds the underlying principle of all human association and to show how natural it is, and how useless for us to quarrel with it. We must recognize the great laws of this universe; and though we do not like them, or though we wonder at them, it is foolish for us to quarrel with the facts, for they are stronger than we are.

As we look over society, we find it naturally divided up into little associations, cliques, if you choose to call them so, — a little body of people here and a little body of people there, associated together for one purpose or another; at first, perhaps, because they happened to like each other, and with no special purpose beyond that. Or perhaps they are associated together as we are here in a church; for just here is the basis of all ecclesiastical organization that is free. People come together who find a common bond of association, whether it is intellectual, moral, religious, or whatever it may be. They come toward a common centre to which, for one reason or another, they are attracted. It may be they associate together for the study of philosophy or to form an art or scientific association. No matter what the purpose may be, "birds of a feather flock together." It is perfectly natural, and why should we wish it to be otherwise? Yet you find people perpetually complaining about it, finding fault, wondering why *they* are excluded, why they are not invited here or there. If you stop to think of it, you will see that every one of us is and must be exclusive. You say such a person is very exclusive. He may be, and may have no very good reason for it. Why should you care? Why do you care, if you are excluded? If somebody I think of as a fool is the centre of an association, I do not feel at all troubled because I am shut out. If I have no respect for the bond of that association, why should I care that I

am not invited to enter it? Even if they wanted me to come in, I should retort very vigorously, and say I do not want to enter.

I said we are all exclusive. The fact is, we cannot know every one. When we have put our arms of sympathy around all those we care to know, we have shut out a good many more than we have taken in. We have, of necessity, excluded thousands more than we have included. No one can know everybody. If any lady of this congregation should start out with the purpose of becoming acquainted with every one else in it, if she were able to succeed, it would not be long before her acquaintance would be of little worth. She would not have time left to make herself worthy of anybody's acquaintance. So I say these associations are necessarily limited, and we ought to make up our minds as to two or three things in reference to them. In the first place, do you wish to be in a particular association? Do you wish to move in some especial type of society? Do you wish the *entrée* of a certain particular clique? First make up your mind whether it is something you really desire, whether it is something worthy of your ambition, whether it is a little above where you are to-day and would tend to lift you up, or whether it is a little below and would tend to bring you down, whether it would lead to emphasizing those things in you that you wish to cultivate or those things that are already overmuch developed. Decide these questions first.

If, then, there is a type of society that you wish to be in, the next step is to get ready for it. If, for example, there were an association in this city for the study of Sanskrit, they would not want me in it; and I question very much whether I should want to be in it. I have very little knowledge of Sanskrit, and I have no time to cultivate more. I

should not be troubled therefore by being shut out of such a society.

Settle it, then, whether you want to be in a particular society, then make up your mind that you must do something to get ready to be a member. Cultivate yourself in that direction, or there will be no principle of attraction between you and them. You must make yourself worth seeking. It has always seemed very curious to me that people do not notice the working of the commercial law of supply and demand in society, although they recognize it everywhere else. Do you wish to be a pauper as to courtesies and attentions and calls any more than you would be a pauper in regard to what you will eat and wear or the house you will live in? If not, then you must learn to give as well as take. You must train yourself into a fitness to carry into society something that is wanted there. Make up your mind which circle you wish to move in, and then train yourself until you have something to contribute to the life, the interest, the development of that circle; and, when you have done that, there is little question that you will be received there. I have noticed that, whenever a person is able to do a particular thing well,— whether singing or playing or reciting a poem or conversing or making himself agreeable in any way,— there are always plenty of people to want him to do it. But, if you do not see to it that you have something to contribute to society, then do not wonder that people do not gather about you and pour all their treasure into your lap. Why should they? This is the principle that should govern in thinking of these little divisions into which society organizes itself naturally, under this law of personal attraction.

But the word "society" is used in another sense than that; and we want to take a step forward, and view it in

this larger and more inclusive and comprehensive way. We speak of society in a general fashion; and we mean something more than these divisions that I have been speaking about. We ask concerning a lady or gentleman if they go in the best society, if in Boston or New York or Washington they have the *entrée* of society. We mean by that something more than I have spoken of. In any country, in any city, in any village, where there are numbers of people gathered together, there is always a certain section, or layer,—if you choose that phrase,—of people that are either at the top or who think they are. It does not mean that they are the best in character, the wisest, the most intelligent, or even the most wealthy. How does this come about and what does it mean? and is it a fact of evil significance or of good?

It is a perfectly natural fact. There will always be a certain number of people in a city like Boston, for instance, wiser than the average. They are attracted together; and you will say that they constitute the intellectual society of Boston. Another section is richer than the rest; and, if they can get the upper hand, why they are society. So there may be some other quality around which people shall associate themselves; but what this quality will be depends upon the stage of civilization and culture and the political ideas of the people, upon their amount of knowledge, or upon a good many other things. But you notice one thing; namely, that this section which is at the top, so to speak, holds in its hands, for the time being, the dominant, controlling, shaping power. It sets the fashion: the fashion of dress, if it is dress that it cares most about; fashions of thought, if it is intellectual life that it cares most about,—as, for example, in the times of Pope or Dr. Johnson in London, when they each in turn were the mental autocrats of the metropolis. Or

they will set the fashion in some other direction, if it happens to be some other force which for the time is supreme.

Let us note a few facts of society as thus indicated. In a country whose government is a monarchy, you will always find that society clusters around the court. It takes from the court its fashion, its ideas, its purposes, its amusements, its dominant control. This means that the king, czar, or prince who is at the head, has in his hands and at his disposal the ordinary prizes which men seek,—he can bestow a title, ennoble a man, as we say. He can give lands or mansions; he can give renown and fame; he can give social pre-eminence and power. These things that all men desire are in the hands of the prince; and, of course, those who gather about him are looked up to, and everybody is led to bow to them and wait upon them, to receive the sunshine that ever illumines a country from the face of its king. Whether the society will be good or bad will depend upon the intelligence and the character of the king. In the time of a Charles II., it means unspeakable moral deterioration and debauchery. In the time of some noble character at the head of the court, it may mean the supremacy of all that is finely and sweetly human. The character of him who for the time being is the first gentleman in the realm will be the character of the society. They are complaining a good deal in England at the present time of the deterioration of society. That means that the Prince of Wales is a man of commonplace, sensual tastes, with no very high ambitions, with no very great depth of learning or much of what ennobles humanity. He is a man who lives in a quiet way perhaps, but chiefly for himself; and he gathers around him people that will please and help to amuse him.

If we come over the sea to New York, we shall find at the present time dominant in the metropolis that which we may

call plutocracy, a society whose central idea is wealth. It is the men who have the most money in New York who arrogate to themselves all society; and those with no very high moral aims, with no very clear intellectual conceptions of life, are ready enough to concede this claim, and to prostrate themselves before it. But it seems to me that the future of this country may well look somewhat forbidding, if this type of society is really to be the prevailing one in the land. Take such a great party as that which was given in one of the principal mansions of New York only a little while ago. The people who were there were simply those who were rich. They came not to engage in witty conversation, for they were not able to do it; they did not come to display their learning, for they had but very little of it; they did not come to lift the moral tone of society, for they were not themselves at its highest level; they did not come for any intelligent, high, human purpose: they came to display their wealth, to make a show of what they had accumulated, to outbid each other as to dress and diamonds, followed, as they moved from one part of the mansion to another, by disguised policemen, whose business it was to watch that their treasures were not stolen. This is a type of society in New York. It is a natural type in a country where wealth has been rapidly made, and where the possessors of this wealth are conscious of the fact that they have nothing more powerful than wealth on which to stand and build. Whether such a society shall be dominant or not depends entirely on whether people are intelligent enough to see the meaning of it and to choose something higher. But we are free to withdraw from that kind of society, and to repay its contempt for us with a more withering and pitiful contempt for it, organizing around some other ideal; for in this country, as individual units, we may go this way or that, as we will.

There is another type of society still, such as that of Washington, the centre and main principle of which is political. It is the wives of the politicians that are the first ladies of society. It is a little amusing now and then to watch a society contest over the question whether it is the wife of the Speaker or of one of the cabinet officials — when the President does not happen to be married — who is to be regarded as the leader of society. It is amusing, because the first woman in society there may be only a very commonplace one, when her husband passes out of his office and another takes his place. There is little danger of any permanent harm arising from these ephemeral ideas of superiority.

We have in this country one advantage over Europe, in that we have no one city so supreme that it is capable of ruling the land. Paris is France, and sets the fashion for France. London is England, and it rules England. No matter what fine society you may move in, in any of the provincial cities, it may give no footing in London. But here, instead of one, we have half a dozen centres, and can very easily defy the ideal of some other city, if it does not seem to us intellectually and morally worthy of approbation. The difference in our cities in this respect has come to be so marked that it is already a common saying that, if a stranger comes to Philadelphia, the question is at once asked, "Who is he?" meaning to find out who his father was. If he goes to New York, the question is, "How much is he worth?" If he goes to Boston, the people ask, "What does he know?" But we are fortunate in not being limited to any one centre; and so it seems to me we ought to recognize once and for all that which should be the highest social ideal of this country. We have based our government on manhood, without regard to birth or wealth or intellectual development. Man is the unit; and we say, No

matter if he was not well-born, no matter if he is not rich, no matter if he is not yet very well educated, "a man's a man for a' that." This is the principle on which we have builded our Commonwealth; and, in accordance with this, we ought to hold fast to the idea that good society in America shall have only two or three questions to ask of any man. The first question should be, not who are you, but: "What are you? What is your character?" And the second question should be, "What do you know, how intelligent are you?" and the third question should be, "What can you do?" Any man who is moral, and who is at least trying to know and trying to do, ought to have, by virtue of this, full entry into that association in America that should be dignified by the name of "good society."

But there is still another use for this word "society" that I must take brief account of. When our social reformers, social Democrats, communist organizations of one kind or another, Nihilists in Russia, talk about society, they mean the total organization of man as represented in the highest types of human civilization to-day. And there is a development of sentiment, very wide-spread in Germany, in England, and in this country coming to be more and more noticeable, that, it seems to me, we need to guard carefully against. I have anything but condemnation for the restlessness of peoples ground down under merciless tyranny. I think that, if I were in Russia, I should be a Nihilist; but there is no need for any such development in this country. Society, as it is organized to-day, in England and America at any rate, represents the best that the world as yet is wise enough and good enough to realize. But yet we are getting, as it seems to me, in a dangerous way, in talking as though society were to be blamed for everything that is wrong, and that individuals everywhere are only victims.

For example, the general tone is that society is to blame if a man gets drunk, and not the man himself,— that it is society's business to see to it that he does not do it, or to lift him out of the gutter when he does. If a man commits a crime, we say, Society has trained him to be a criminal, or has failed to train him to be anything else. If a man is not educated, and casts an improper ballot, Why, we say, what can we expect? Society ought to have seen to it that he was educated. These are extreme tendencies, growing out of noble qualities of human nature, pity and sympathy. If you trace the lesson, you will find that the development of human society, so far as it has been good, has been in the direction of individual liberty, of individual responsibility; and we shall wofully miss it, if we lessen the sense of this responsibility, or if we restrict too much this individual liberty. And we may restrict that by our very sympathy and pity, in standing too much as a shield between the individual and the natural, necessary consequences of his own action. We see a man suffering; and our first impulse is to rush to his relief, no matter how the suffering may have been caused, or whether the man, by his ignorance, thoughtlessness, or criminality, has brought suffering upon himself. We do him a definite and distinct wrong, if we shield him too much from the natural consequences of his act. These natural consequences are the experiences from which the world learns the lesson of forming character. But this must be learned by each individual, and not by society for him. We have got over the doctrine of vicariousness in theology. We must not introduce it too much into our dealing with people in society. Help people all you can, but do not pauperize them as to character and intelligence any more than as to clothing and food. Society, then, as it exists to-day, is the result of the best the world has been able to attain.

But the ideal of the communist has one fatal error. It assumes that you can make a perfect society by some kind of reconstruction of imperfect people. You cannot build a perfect brick house, unless the individual bricks are perfect. You cannot make a perfect society out of very imperfect materials. The principle is the same as in that quaint, old story of the minister who was criticised because his church was no better. His reply was: "I know it is not just what it ought to be; but, if the Lord is going to have a church down my way, he has got to make it out of the kind of people that are there." And so, if you are going to have a society, you have got to make it out of the people that are in the world; and, until the units are perfect, it is sheer delusion and folly to expect to make them perfect by rearranging them. Social reorganization is nothing more nor less than a rearrangement of the units of society; and we may rearrange them to our hearts' content, but we cannot have perfect society till we have perfect individuals. To reorganize a society one-half of which are fools does not make two-thirds of them wise men.

The hope of the world has always formulated itself into some vision or dream of a perfect society. And those men who have built their visions on the air of the future have builded very wisely, so far as the lofty ideas and fundamental principles are concerned. Plato outlined his great Republic; Thomas More pictured his Utopia; Philip Sidney dreamed of his Arcadia; Jesus, with his soul in the heavens, talked of the Kingdom of God among men. And, in this modern world, men have changed the phrase, but meant the same thing, when they have talked about the kingdom of man. They were all after the same end; and the principle underlying it all, it seems to me, is this: There cannot be a perfect society until the individuals are perfect.

So the thing for us to do in regard to realizing this dream of a perfect society is to see to it that we perfect, so far as possible, the individual; for, when we have made ourselves perfect and our neighbors have made themselves perfect, then will come true the dream of the world.

Now, at last, I wish to make a personal and practical application of some of the questions we have been dealing with, and to consider the relation in which the individual and the home ought to stand to society. It is a perplexing question to people whether they owe anything to society, and, if so, how much. Shall we neglect our homes for other people? You will find extremes of character growing out of one idea or the other. Certain people give themselves so exclusively to society that, after a little while, intellect, heart, and everything else, become starved and dry; and the gift they bring to society, of themselves, is very poor and lean. You will find people, on the other hand, who devote themselves so exclusively to the home that they care very little for the outside world, and do next to nothing for it. Which method is right?

I believe, in the first place, since we are dependent on others, and since they have done so much for us in our individual life, that we are in perpetual debt to society. But it is quite possible for a person to be too self-sacrificing. You must make something of yourself before you have anything to give. You must make something of your home before you have a home to contribute to society. He who makes himself and his home perfect has made his part of society perfect and ideal.

Let us see to it, then, that we make ourselves and our homes as nearly perfect as possible; and then let us see to it that we go out into society for the sake of helping our fellowmen, for the sake of keeping ourselves in sympathy with this

larger world, for the sake of bringing back to ourselves and our homes those things which society can contribute. You have a friend who is sick, confined to the house by the week or month: what should you do about it? Should you devote yourself exclusively to your friend, never stepping out under the blue sky or among other friends? People sometimes waste themselves in such a way. This kind of self-sacrifice is beautiful, but I do not believe it is wise. Suppose, instead, you go out under the blue sky and into the sunshine until you get redness into your cheeks and freshness into your lungs, till you get the stimulus of the outside world, and then come back bringing the cheer of all outdoors, its life and sweetness, to the sick friend; and you have given him far more than you could have done otherwise.

Give something then, whatever you can give. Be something, whatever you can be. The truth is in the balance between these two ideals. Make yourself complete in the highest and best sense: then give yourself to your fellowmen. Thus you will build the perfect kingdom of society here upon earth.

CELIBACY.

THE marriage of one man with one woman is the ideal of true society. This is plainly nature's ordinance, as written in the laws of the individual body, brain, and heart. This ordinance is indicated by the fact that the sexes, in the main and in the long run, are equal in numbers over the world. This law is enforced by the experience of many long ages, which has demonstrated that the married, both men and women, have a longer lease of life than do those who are single. It is enforced by the fact that the experience of the world has testified that men and women both need this highest of all relationships, in order to develop in themselves those qualities and characteristics, mentally and morally, which are the crowning ones of mankind. No woman is complete, except through marriage and motherhood. No man is complete, except through marriage and fatherhood. This intimate bond which binds them to each other, and each to the child,— the product of their lives and object of their care,— this lifts them into higher realms of thought, gives them larger, deeper experiences of life than can be otherwise possible. The records of the past indicate that, in this way, and this way alone, lie the highest, truest, sweetest hopes of human development. So true are these things, and so deeply have they impressed themselves upon the opinions of mankind, that many States, ancient as well as modern, have seen fit to pass very stringent laws, with the intention

of discouraging the celibate life, and leading both men and women to assume the responsibilities of marriage. In the modern world there has been developed so large a sentiment of individual freedom, we have come to feel so truly, and to say so earnestly, that we have a right to do as we please, that we have shaken off State authority in matters of this kind. And yet, because, along with the growing sentiment of freedom, such laws as these become unbearable, it does not at all follow that the evil is outgrown, and that it does not need in some way to be reached and cured. Indeed, the evil still remains; and, as society has developed in wealth, in luxury, in the means of obtaining broader, freer individual lives, the evils seem in some respects to have become intensified, to grow deeper and broader and higher. They have taken on such proportions in the history of human development that they may well engage our earnest attention for an hour.

I propose to consider this subject under two great, general divisions: first, religious celibacy; and, second, secular celibacy.

It is a very curious and, at first sight, a strange fact that nearly all the great religions which have originated in Oriental lands have ascribed especial sanctity and holiness to the celibate life. Even ancient Greece built the proudest temple that the world has ever seen to Athene, the virgin goddess, crowning Athens with the Parthenon. Ancient Rome had one of its most sacred religious services devoted to Vesta; and the vestal virgins kept alive, year after year and century after century, the sacred fire. But in Greece and Rome, Occidental nations, this was only one feature of the worship which they paid to the supposed supernatural and divine powers. This worship of Vesta and Athene was no more sacred with them than the worship of the other

gods and goddesses of their Pantheon. But, when we come to treat of Oriental nations and Oriental religions, almost all of them not only worship some phase, some development of this idea, but they lift it high above all others, and make it the most sacred of all. When Buddha, the founder of the most wide-spread religion of the world, decided to listen to what he regarded as the infinite need of humanity, and to go out upon his life-long search for some means by which to heal the sorrows and the woes of the world, he left his wife and child behind him, never to see them as wife and child again. In ancient Egypt there was a large body of men called Therapeutæ, who set themselves apart, living contemplative, dreary lives, thinking that thus they were to come nearer to God and more into possession of the heavenly gifts and graces. Along the borders of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, was the community or association of the Essenes, devoting themselves to this life of quiet contemplation, putting away from themselves what they regarded as the distractions of the ordinary social life of the world. This tradition has showed itself long enough lived to form large communities even in our own day; for we have, scattered over the country, associations called Shakers, who represent these ideal ancient communities of the old-time world. They are simply survivals of this attempt of the Orient to get into a higher state of sacredness by leaving the ordinary level of social life. This, then, has been the effort, as I said, of most of these Oriental religions. Among the Brahmins, and all through this far-off land of Asia toward the sunrise, in the woods, in caves, in deserts, there are those who are leading these lone, introspective, contemplative lives.

It is worth our while to see if we can trace the origin of such strange, peculiar ideas. It is very remarkable that the

legend of the fall of man is undoubtedly connected with this dream of special sanctity, as connected with the social life. It was believed by nearly all the early Christians of the first century or two that, if man had not fallen, such a thing as marriage would never have been known. This relationship between the man and the woman has been regarded as a concession to the fallen, depraved nature of the human race, as the result of their sin. It is a concession permitted from this stand-point to the lower nature; something allowed by heaven, but not commanded; something the forsaking and denying of which was supposed to lift man and woman up to a higher plane of purity and holiness. Even Milton takes this ground in *Paradise Lost*, putting it into the mouth of Adam and apparently indorsing it. He makes him, after the fall, in his petulant, angry, resentful conversation with Eve, say: —

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

This idea therefore has been somewhat wide-spread, that there is something necessarily degrading in these bonds of love which bind man and woman together, and that, if they wish to please God in the highest degree and get as near heaven as possible, they must avoid all these human entanglements and climb up into the thin air of separate, personal isolation.

This has not been pure speculation or individual vagary. It organized itself into philosophy which spread for a time over the whole breadth of the then civilized world. In the early days of Christianity there was a philosophy very broadly extant, which went by the name of Gnosticism, from the Greek word which means to know. These Gnostics were the men who claimed to have gained some special insight into the reality of things.

What were some of their main doctrines? They believed that a supreme God was sitting somewhere apart in the universe, pure spirit, having nothing whatever to do with material things, utterly severed from this natural world of mountain and sea, valley and cloud, and from all the ongoings of the human life that is lived here. They denied that he was even the Creator of the world. He was too pure, too ethereal, too refined in his nature and being to have anything to do with gross material forms. He was the God of pure light, essential spirit, having no relation whatever with matter. They invented, as a Creator of the world, another and a lower type of deity, a *demiurgos*, who, when the fulness of time came, created all this material form of things. He created man; and he it was who was the author of the world and who ruled over it. They carried this doctrine so far as to almost engulf Christianity itself. Traces of this philosophy are to be found in the original Greek of our New Testament. They reinterpreted the Old Testament, teaching that

Jehovah was not the original God, but that he was really this *demiurgos*, the world creator, but not the supreme God. At last, some sections of them came to confound Christ with this Jehovah *demiurgos*. So, when John speaks of Christ as the Creator of the world, it is not at all certain that he meant to identify him with the supreme God; but it is rather to be supposed that he had in mind this Gnostic conception of an inferior delegated deity who created the world. They believed then that there was this eternal separation between pure spirit and every form of matter. They held that man had pre-existed; that all souls lived before the creation of the world, and that on account of some sin committed in a pre-existent state, or for some other reason, these souls had become temporarily entangled in matter; enmeshed in these physical forces and relationships, and so of course, according to the ideal of this philosophy, the true, pure, high life was to be found by breaking away from matter and everything connected with it, repudiating as far as possible all relationships with material bodies, overcoming all passions and appetites and all natural desires, and bursting through the prison house, if it might be, as a way of escape into this purer, higher life from which they had descended. This idea, I say, became organized in a philosophy as broad as the civilization of the time; and it left its mark on Christian development, both of thought, of life, and of literature. Of course, you will see that the fundamental conception of this philosophy has an important bearing on the social relationships of the world, and leads directly to the teaching of the celibate life as the one ideal of purity and perfection.

Plato himself, in his philosophy, prefigured, or led the way perhaps, toward the coming of this system which came so near swallowing up early Christianity. For Plato teaches

this world of pure ideal,—the ideal not being an empty mental figure of the imagination, but a reality in the image of which, more or less crudely, all material things are created. He taught that the true life was to be led by becoming as free as possible from these things and by climbing up into this higher, finer, ethereal air.

Let us pass now from this phase of thought, as expressed in the great Oriental religions apart from the Jewish, and from this Gnostic philosophy, to consider for a moment the teachings of the Bible on this subject. It has been a common theory of Protestants that this celibacy of the clergy, this degradation of marriage, was a perversion of Christianity; that it was one of the corruptions of Catholicism from which Protestantism was to free itself; that it had no foundation in the Scriptures or early beliefs of the Church. But it seems to me that, along with doctrine looking very squarely in the other direction, there is also enough in the Bible pointing this way to make it perfectly natural that Christianity, as it grew down through the ages, should take on this phase of development.

You are already well acquainted with the fact that, as a result of the fall of man, it was believed that Eve was degraded to a secondary position, and that the pains of motherhood were to be considered by her as a direct infliction of God as punishment for her sin. There is a kindred legend, also coming from the far East, which yields the same interpretation as this. When Pandora was given to her husband crowned with the gifts of all the gods, she was given, it was said, really out of malice and as the means of bringing untold disasters to the world. Her curiosity led her to uncover a secret jar found in the house of her husband, whence she allowed to escape all the troubles, disasters, tribulations, and sorrows that have afflicted mankind.

I speak of this idea as developed among the Greeks and Romans as Oriental, because we trace its roots back to that same land whence came the legend of the fall; for you are to understand that the story of the fall did not originate with the Jews. They borrowed it, in the later periods of their history, from the farther East. The Jewish people were distinguished above almost all the nations of the Orient in the olden time by the proud position which they gave to woman, by placing her so nearly side by side with her husband, and by the honor with which they crowned marriage and parentage.

When we come to the New Testament, we find that Paul's doctrine of marriage, springing partly out of these ideas and partly out of his belief that the end of the world was near, was that it was wise for people to keep themselves as free as possible from such entanglements. His teaching was that marriage was permissible, even honorable; but he taught, besides that, that there was something higher, something nobler, something more honorable and better than marriage. And this, of course, would, in the minds of all those who took him as an inspired teacher, relegate marriage to a lower plane, and fill the mind with another ideal, anti-social, anti-human in its nature.

Again, John, in his Revelation, as he sees in vision the perfect city of God coming down from God out of heaven, sees, grouped around the very Son of God himself, in the closest personal intimacy, lifted high above all the other inhabitants in these celestial abodes, a little assembly of those who had kept themselves free from all social relationships on earth. Such was his highest dream of the coming heaven. Jesus himself — while, in other passages, he teaches some of the noblest and purest ideals concerning the marriage relation and personal living — also plainly indorses, if he be

correctly reported, this conception of something higher than marriage, the idea that the celibate life is in itself essentially purer and nobler than any other. So much for the Bible teaching.

Is it not quite plain, since Paul and John, the beloved disciple, and even the Master himself had placed this special honor upon the celibate life, that Christianity followed a natural and normal law of development, when, in its early centuries, so many fled from society, and, leaving their wives and children, sought in deserts and caves a more divine and elevated purity than that which they could work out in the midst of the common, social conditions of the world?

Let us then pass to the attitude of the Church toward this great subject. In the first instance, the presbyters, the bishops, the elders, even the apostles, some of them, were married men. But the Church had existed only a short time before public sentiment began to develop the idea that the priesthood,— those who stood in the most intimate relation, as they supposed, with God, ministering at his altar,— that these, at least, should be free from the taint of this social relationship. There was no formal law commanding this in the Church for some centuries, perhaps; but the sentiment grew, until, at last, it was organized into ecclesiastical laws to that effect, over which no one could step, and the authority of which no one dared disregard. By the end of the year 1074, or about that time, it became formulated into an absolute, general law all over Christendom that the priest must be a celibate, who must not entangle himself in any of this world's relationships, that he must devote himself, body and brain and heart, to the Church and to the Church's way of serving God.

Let us note a few of the results of this kind of teaching on the social life of Europe. There was one other great reason

which led the illustrious Hildebrand, Gregory VII., so sternly to enforce this law of celibacy, beyond the special sanctity of such a life; and that was that deep political sagacity of his which enabled him to see that the Church would gain immensely in homogeneity, in power, in supremacy, by this means. Here is a man from Italy, one from France, one from Spain, one from Egypt, one from Germany, one from Britain,—men drawn from all the nations of the earth, who have cut off their allegiance to their country, who stand free from any bonds of wife or child, of father or mother, brother or friend, wedded only to the Church, banded together to serve her interests above and before all others. When this process was carried far enough, there was established a hierarchy that was capable of dominating the world. These men had cut off all other sources of pleasure, all other sources of ambitious preferment, and were free from everything except the Church. They had consecrated themselves body and brains and heart and life to this one great institution. The Church was father, brother, wife, child, country, friend, home. The Church was everything. The Church held out the only objects of ambition which they could legitimately seek in this world or in the next. Gregory saw what a tremendous power the papacy could wield, if the priesthood was organized so that it should live only for Rome. This was probably the mainspring and motive force of his declaring as the eternal decree of the Church the celibacy of the clergy.

But we need to consider the evils of separating men from their fellow-men in this fashion. And, first, it tended to dry up all the natural tenderness in their hearts. It killed patriotism; it killed allegiance to wife and children and friend and home; it separated men from the sympathy of their fellows, and made them willing and ready tools for the most tremendous despotism that the world has ever seen.

It had a result even more disastrous than that. It resulted in the most wide-spread social demoralization. A river when permitted to flow freely according to natural laws along its banks will carry verdure and life and beauty everywhere. It will bear upon its bosom the pleasure boat and the commerce of the world. Cities will spring up by its side, fertile valleys will spread themselves along its shores, beautiful trees will see themselves reflected in its waters, and birds will sing in the branches along all its course. But, if by some artificial obstruction you roll back the natural force of the river's flow, then instead of beauty there is desolation and destruction. It overflows its banks, it sweeps away the cities, it ruins the vegetation; and in its turbid current no more are reflected the beautiful things growing upon its banks or the clouds sailing over the blue or the stars of the lovely nights. And so, if this natural force of human passion and love be permitted its legitimate outlet and flow, all fair, sweet, beautiful things of the world will result; but, if it be obstructed, then it sweeps through hidden channels, overflows its banks, becomes turbid and muddy with impurity, and carries desolation over the whole face of society. Never, perhaps, was there such social demoralization in the world as can be traced directly to this doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy. It came to such a pass that men, even for the sake of defending their homes, encouraged all sorts of hidden relationships on the part of the clergy; and all who are familiar with history know how the highest church officers — cardinals, bishops, popes themselves — were surrounded by a hungry army of children thinly disguised under the name of nephews. And out of the social and political results of these relationships has sprung the word "nepotism," which we sometimes apply to office-holders who distribute emoluments and trusts to those among the circle of their own relations.

Consider one or two other phases of this same thing. Think for a moment of what religion does, when it holds that God declares that there is a natural taint of impurity attaching to those who obey the natural laws which he himself has created. Think again of having for a social ideal, the highest and most dominant in the imaginations of men, a saint-hood, which, if carried out and made universal, would bring the world itself to an end, and undermine the last vestige of civilization. Such an ideal as this, held on high in the name of religion, discourages all purity, all attempts to live a high, noble life in the midst of the common conditions of humanity, and makes men and women ready to worship saints instead of trying to be saints. The Virgin Mary herself is a stigma upon all motherhood, holding aloft an ideal that mothers can never attain, and making them feel that they live a lower, more common life, while they prostrate themselves before her image as in the presence of an unattainable ideal.

I must now offer you a few considerations on what comes nearer home to us, secular celibacy, which tends greatly to intensify itself in the more refined and luxurious centres of our civilization. There are many reasons why men and women lead the celibate life. I touched incidentally upon two or three of them in a previous discourse. I wish to recur to them again in passing. There are many who are never married because of the simple impossibility of everybody being married in this country on account of the uneven balance and distribution of men and women. All in Massachusetts could not marry, if they would; and this is true of almost every other State. Then there is another reason — a good, noble one — why men and women do not marry. Many there are who find themselves so situated that they have not found the true object of their love, or who have been called upon to assume responsibilities which make it impossible for

them to lead a life such as their affectionate natures would incline them to do. Take women like Florence Nightingale, like Miss Mary Carpenter, like Miss Octavia Hill, like hundreds of those that we know, whether they be known world-wide or not, in our own land. The Sisters of Charity, whether they belong to an order or whether they be those sisters of charity that we know in the home circle by our own firesides, — those aunts who are second mothers to a sister's children, those who assume care in the place of the dead father or mother, those who are sunshine in so many homes, devoting themselves without thought of anything but following the instinct of their own nobility, loving and pouring out all that affection and tenderness that might have made husband and children happy on children that they can never call their own,— palsied be the tongue that is thoughtless and heartless enough to speak of these by the stigmatizing words that are so frequently applied to them! "Old Maid" many a time, instead of being an opprobrious epithet, ought to be woven round their brows as a divine halo, consecrating them to a life as noble and sweet as any we can conceive.

Then there is another set of men and women,— those who go through life alone, with no room in their hearts for any other love, because it is filled with the image of one who has been lost. Take such a man as Washington Irving,— disappointed in his youth,— going through all his life cherishing this one sacred memory, and finding it impossible for him to detach his affections from this cherished dream so as to give them to another. Many and many a man, many and many a woman that we meet every day, are covering up in the sacred silences of their thoughts a romance as beautiful, as sacred, as strange as any that have transferred themselves to books; and here is the secret of the lonely life they lead. These reasons are honorable and true.

There are one or two other reasons that seem to me to call for our censure rather than our praise. There is a class of young women in our great cities who are not married, but who might be worthily, truly married, were it not for the fact that they have wrought themselves into a false mental and moral condition on the subject. Perhaps they have attained a smattering of an education which makes them feel that they are above the level of such a marriage as is really possible to them. Perhaps they have dreamed their young girlhood away, fixing their thoughts and imaginations on romantic heroes such as they have read of in *Ivanhoe* or the *Idyls of the King;* and, because some stately knight or grander type of man than lives in the real atmosphere of their every-day life does not come and bend at their feet, they wait until opportunity has gone by. Then,—this applies to hundreds in every great city,—after opportunity goes, they find a freer, gayer kind of life on the edge, if not quite over the border, of the land of the forbidden. They find something more attractive there than in the commonplace rounds of homely duties, because they have developed a false ideal of life. They have not learned that the ideal is to be wrought out of the real.

It was one of the fancies of Michel Angelo, when he stood in the presence of a block of marble, that there was really imprisoned in it a Moses or a David or some other grand imagination that his chisel was to release; and he felt that, with every blow of his mallet, he was setting free this dream of his soul. Young women, and young men as well, must learn that, if they are going to attain any high ideal in this life, they must set it free from the entanglements of commonplace realities through unremitting patience and loving, faithful toil. There are no ideals that will come to us out of the heavens. We must create them out of the

rough, hard, refractory material of our daily lives. And so these women, living alone and chasing a phantom, have left behind in some honest country home the possibility of a nobler life than that of which they now dream.

I hear, once in a while, of some woman who refuses to marry the honest man who loves her, and who wishes to crown her his wife, because he is not able to furnish the requisite number of servants, and who, rather than work herself, refuses to enter into those bonds which would have lifted her to the highest summit of noble womanhood. She chooses, rather, to plunge into the darkness of the unnamable, the unwomanly, the false.

There is a parallel class of young men who have accustomed themselves, in their lone, single life, to certain kinds of luxuries, to certain freedom of living, as they call it, who are not willing now to assume the responsibilities of married life. They will have to curtail some of their indulgences, take upon their shoulders burdens and cares, if they marry. Now, they are free to run hither and thither, and suck the poisonous sweetness from any wild flower that grows. And thus they are willing to degrade themselves, to degrade the world, to undermine society for the sake of their own personal indulgence, for a little wider liberty than is permitted to him who undertakes the serious duties of life.

This type of secular celibacy is reprehensible in the extreme; for it results, in the case of both men and women, in personal vice and deterioration. Such men and women have thrown off the bonds which they ought to have given to society for good behavior. They have cut themselves loose from the ties of the highest and finest circles. They have familiarized themselves with the lowest types of manhood and womanhood, until they have lost all faith in that which is highest and best, and doubt the possibility of virtue.

How many such young men he who is familiar with the life of great cities, or he who has travelled abroad and seen people unmasked and away from home, has met! Life like this dries up the fountain of all noble feeling and hardens the heart. How true are those words of Burns, who, after leading, as he did, a wild life, in his hours of thoughtfulness and in the maturity of years, wrote,—

> "I waive the quantum o' the sin,
> The hazard of concealing;
> But, och! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling!"

Out of sympathy with the noblest, highest, most beautiful type of human life, this selfish celibacy leads to all hardness of heart and perversion of thought and degradation of personal character. Then, it leads, as I intimated, to social disintegration. Just as far as it reaches, it is a canker, eating out the very vitals of the world.

The hope of the world is in the world's homes, the world's love, the world's healthy birth of children, the loving care of father and mother, the devotion that trains and educates children into true manhood and womanhood; and they who shirk the responsibility of a life like this, and simply go through the world to find what selfish indulgence they can, are thieves of the meanest type; for the very joys, the sweets, the pleasures, the good, the personal success in business ventures, the social station,—all that they seek and enjoy,—are created for them by the men and women who do not live as they do, and which, but for them, would not exist. They steal the good, to which they do not add.

The true type and ideal of purity, then, for the world is not to be found in celibacy, as the Church has taught. Rather does it lead directly in the opposite direction. The

true ideal of purity is not to be found by refusing to accept the obligations which nature and love lay upon our hearts. Neither is the true ideal of purity to be found in that other direction of prudery on the part of those who make up society,—such a prudery as is apt to develop itself in over-refinement, which rails against legitimate art, against noble literature, and against all earnest, frank investigation of physical laws and social themes. Rather count as true purity, holy and sacred, whatever is a part of any true, human life, whatever is a part of any plan for this world's social development and growth. Social purity frankly faces these, and counts them sacred and true, and that study a part of noble, human living, which seeks to find out all laws of personal and social growth, and to illustrate them in our lives.

DIVORCE.

I AM to tread this morning, as wisely as I can, on what is somewhat dangerous and delicate ground. I shall not hope to have all of you agree with me; and I shall not hope to escape somewhat of misconception and misunderstanding. I speak, however, in no *ex-cathedra* fashion. I have never, upon this platform, assumed the position of infallibility. I simply take the liberty to utter, clearly, simply, and forcibly as I may, my convictions,— the result of the best study I have been able to give to the subjects,— and ask you to take what I say, along with the arguments used in support of my positions, and then, for yourselves, to find out how much they are worth.

It is very commonly assumed, on the part of those who discuss the question of divorce, that it is, in a general way and without much discrimination, wrong,— always wrong, and under all circumstances wrong. And, when one rises from a study of the statistics on the subject, he is generally apt to say that, since divorce is increasing, he must take this fact as proof positive of the increase of immorality in society. This sort of thought and discussion usually ends by an earnest call for more law, more stringent law, in the way of repression. As if the driving in of the rash could be considered a cure for scarlet fever. Italy, as you know, has no divorce laws. There has, I believe, never been a divorce

granted in the State of South Carolina. There is no divorce among our foreign Catholic population. And yet, I think, if one studies carefully the condition of Italy, the condition of South Carolina, and the condition of our foreign Catholic population, he will hesitate before giving it as his judgment that these represent a higher moral level than does, for example, the State of Connecticut, where divorces are very common indeed.

Before, then, we are ready to come to any definite and satisfactory conclusion on the subject, it will be wise and, it seems to me, necessary for us to pass in rapid review the subject of divorce as related to marriage in the lower types of society, where a lower and looser form of marriage has prevailed; then to notice the doctrine of the Bible on the subject, and the attitude and the practice of the Church, along with the results of that practice; and in that way come to consider the modern world, and the condition of things here in America, and especially in Massachusetts, to-day. By this process, we may be able to discover some underlying principle that will help us to a solution of our problem; for, if we can discover, concerning this or any other great question of the modern world, what has been the trend of social evolution, which way civilization has tended, we shall be able to find a pathway that is reasonably safe for us to follow in the future.

Let us, then, as briefly as we may consistently with clearness, pass over these points I have indicated, in review. I have already made you familiar with many of the lower and looser family types which preceded the establishment of monogamy, the marriage of one man and one woman. We find, as we study the other side of the marriage question among these lower types of civilization, just what we should expect to find. It was very easy to enter the marriage

relation as it then existed. It was equally easy to leave it. Freedom in one direction generally went along with equal freedom in the other. A man could put away his wife at will, under any impulse or whim or temporary dislike or for whatever cause he pleased; but, curiously enough, no recognition is made of this right in woman. In some of the higher types of barbarism, we find among certain peoples, and in certain stages of human society, that woman possessed also this right. Not only could the man put away his wife, but the woman could put away her husband,— not simply leave him, but drive him from the household even. There have been long periods of time when the wife has been the head of the family; when the descent has been traced through the wife, and not through the husband; and when she and her kindred grouped about her possessed the power of expelling the husband who, for one cause or another, made himself unacceptable to her or her family friends. The condition of things in regard to divorce in the lower world was thus a matter of very little law, but was more under the control of personal impulse. Yet there was a growth and a tendency, gradual but pronounced, in the direction of permanency in the marriage relation. At first, the motives which led to permanency did not exist.

What are these motives to-day? What have they been in all the latter ages? In the first place, a tender and strong mutual love and respect; and then love of both father and mother for the children; next, the desire to hold in the family and for family use, and for the benefit of the children, all the accumulated personal property which belonged to them; and then ideas of one kind or another connected with religion and the worship of God. These, expressed through public sentiment or organized in law, have been the great motives in all ages that have tended to permanency of the

marriage relation. Of course, in the lower conditions of the world, these motives did not exist as they do to-day; or, if they were in existence at all, it was only in some crude and half-developed fashion. Men and women had very little sentiment in their love for each other; they had very little love or care for their children; they accumulated very little property, for property in those days was generally held in common, with little personal proprietorship; and it was only in after ages that special ideas of divine sanctity came in to make this relation permanent. Such was the condition of things in the lower world.

We will pass now to see what the Bible has to say on the subject,—both the Old Testament and the New. It has always seemed to me a very difficult thing for a person who holds the traditional view of the Bible, as an inspired and infallible revelation from God, to reconcile the contradictory teachings of the Old and the New Testament; for God is represented in the Old Testament, without a word of protest, with no proviso, with no explanation, as consenting to a condition of things which he vigorously condemns in the New Testament. And, though it was said in a later time that this was permitted only on account of the hardness of men's hearts, there is no record in the Old Testament of permission for divorce being given on this account. It was given as though it were considered right both from a human standpoint and the divine. Men who had many wives instead of one; many concubines as well as many wives; men who divorced and put away their wives for one cause or another, are spoken of always as special favorites of Jehovah, as men after his own heart, with no qualifications or conditions attached whatsoever.

What, then, is the law of the Old Testament? A man was permitted to put away his wife for almost any cause. The

only obligation was that he should give her a writing of divorcement, a paper to the effect that she had been his wife, and he had put her away, so that she could show that she had occupied the standing of a wife, and not a lower one in the social scale. We are not to suppose, however, that this right was exercised with great frequency or was a right unrestricted; for we know that in those ages, the same as to-day, men must have been governed more or less by public sentiment; and the simple fact that a man must procure a writing of divorcement, one which the average man of that day could not furnish himself, being compelled to apply to a scribe or Levite, brought the matter thus into the public thought and sentiment of the time. These facts, I say, would have been very likely to act in the way of restriction, making a man pay some regard to the social beliefs and feelings of his time.

When we come to the New Testament, we come, as I have said, to a period when this freedom is entirely taken away. Jesus utters it as an eternal law of his church that divorces shall never, under any circumstances, be permitted, except for one cause,—marital infidelity. But it is worth while for us to notice, as showing the standing, the rights of woman at this time, that Jesus does not say a word in regard to the right of the wife to divorce her husband or leave him. He simply confers the right upon the husband to divorce his wife for this one cause; and, so far as the mere words of Jesus are concerned, this is the one universal, inexorable, and eternal law of Christianity.

Paul holds substantially the same ideas, though they are modified in one particular. He advises against marriage in general. Under the conditions of that time, he thinks people were wiser who led a single life. He permits marriage however, conceding so much to the acknowledged weakness

of humanity. But, he says, if an unbelieving wife — that is, a pagan — leaves her husband, the husband is to let her go; and, if an unbelieving husband leaves his wife, she is to let him go. But he advises that they live together after they are married, so, if possible, the faith of the one may be caught by the other, and the pagan turned to a belief in Christianity. But, if either one leaves the other, neither of them, under any circumstances, is to be permitted to marry again, however long the separation may be or however aggravated the circumstances.

Paul, then, admits divorce only for the same reason that Jesus does, excepting that he admits what we have come, in these later times, to call a divorce from bed and board,—a separation, a living apart, when two persons cannot longer agree to get along with each other. This, then, is the doctrine of the Bible upon the subject.

What, now, have been the teaching and practice of the Church? The Church, curiously enough, has carried its belief and its practice to a higher point of stringency than even Paul or Jesus himself; for the Church permits divorce on no ground and under no circumstances whatever. Sometimes, when there has been a marriage within the prohibited degrees of relationship, it goes so far as to declare the ceremony null and void; not granting a divorce, but considering that marriage has never existed. But it does not sanction a divorce for any cause. It does permit separation, however, for the one cause that Jesus made the ground of permanent divorce. This has been the position and the law of the Catholic Church from the first until to-day.

Let us inquire for a moment what the practical effect of this has been in the Catholic Church. Has it tended to lift the standard of family life? Has it tended to develop a

higher type of purity and morals among men and women? As an answer to this, you must read the history of Europe for the last fifteen or eighteen hundred years. It seems to me that, coupled with the marriage customs of the various countries over the sea, it has tended almost uniformly the other way. What are these marriage customs? If you have studied into the matter at all, you are familiar with the fact that love, mutual acquaintance, and care for each other have played very little part in the marriages of Italy, Spain, and France for the last thousand years. Marriages are generally arranged on the part of the parents for the children; and their acquaintance and love for each other are almost entirely overlooked, or are regarded as of the smallest possible consequence. The general motive controlling these things is family convenience, the bringing together of two parts of a broken estate, the building up of the fortunes of one side or the other, or marriage for social standing. Mutual love has not only been often disregarded, but there have been those who have gone so far as to say that it ought to be disregarded, that it has no part to play in the matter of marriage, that marriage is only for the sake of a home, for the sake of an heir, for the continuation of the family name; and the husband and the wife are to be free to love outside the marriage bond, and find the satisfaction of their affectional natures wherever they please. This is what it has practically come to. A man, to-day, in France is appalled at the prospect, if he has half a dozen daughters to marry off, unless he is wealthy. He knows it is hopeless for him to attempt to marry one of his daughters without a respectable portion, without a sufficient sum to make it worth a man's while to take her on account of the money that goes along with her. It seems to me, then, that the theories of marriage, as they have been held and practically illustrated

in Europe for the last thousand years, have not tended to a higher standard of morality, but have tended to interfere with the ideal relationship between man and woman and those bonds which help to bind society together and lift it up and lead it on to some higher and nobler development.

What is the condition of things in America and in Massachusetts? What is the condition of the law and of public sentiment on this great subject? There is, to any one who studies it carefully, a most curious and most illogical confusion in regard to the whole matter, both of marriage and divorce; and that confusion arises from this fact. Both the laws and public sentiment of England and America to-day are the result of two utterly contradictory ideals. Our common law, for example, is based on the old Roman law, which has come down to us through England, and which we have borrowed from the parent country. Under the old Roman law, marriage was simply a civil contract entered into voluntarily by a man and woman, and recognized and protected by the State; but it could be dissolved at any time by the mutual consent of the parties entering into this contract. It is precisely the same as any business contract which you choose to enter upon,— any business copartnership which lasts as long as you please, and is dissolved by mutual consent and arrangement. Divorce under this Roman law is not so common as you might think, because the husband and wife were held together by ties which made them choose to continue the relationship. And there was also a public sentiment in Rome, in the older and purer days, which forbade abuse of this privilege; and it was carried so far that the husband was sometimes severely punished at law on account of abusing it. This is one part of the source of our present condition and sentiments,— the legal condition of the matter of marriage and divorce.

The other is canon law,—the law of the Church, which forbids divorce in any case whatever. This law has been dominant throughout Europe until within a few years in every country where the Church has extended its sway; and, until the present century, the canon law was supreme in England, and there was no possibility of divorce except by special act of parliament; which, however, was guilty of the curious inconsistency of holding up the Church and ecclesiastical law of marriage with one hand and permitting escape from it with the other. We are in this curious condition of now thinking of the canon law as supreme, now thinking of marriage as a civil contract.

Take the laws upon our statute books. Some of them carry the implication that marriage is a sacrament, some of them carry the implication that it is only a civil contract. And they talk of it with one breath as a divine sacrament never to be annulled except as an act of impiety; and, on the other hand, they speak of it as a civil contract that ought to be broken for this or the other cause. We are in this curious, illogical, and contradictory condition, both in our law and in our public sentiment.

Let us now look for a moment and see the basis, if there be any, for these contradictory ideas. In the first place, let us see how it has ever come to be that marriage has been looked upon as a sacrament,—as a part of the divine law and indissoluble from any cause whatever. I had occasion in my previous sermons of this course to speak of the worship of ancestors. I pointed out then that one of the most important objects of marriage, as regarded at that time, was the birth of a son who might minister as a priest at the family altar and keep up the family worship of the ancestors who had passed into the other world. When a wife entered into this relationship, she did not simply leave her father's tent or

house, but left her father's religion, abjured forever her father's gods. She no longer did them reverence, and no longer expected from them benefits. She was initiated into the rites, ceremonies, and services of her husband's gods and her husband's religion, and became a priestess by his side in the worship at the family hearthstone. Of course, then, religion, at that time and when these ideas were dominant, played a very important part in the cementing of the marriage relation; and it was no easy thing to dissolve a relationship established by such bonds as these. The wife, in order to procure a divorce, must go through again, with the assistance and consent of friends on both sides, with the religious ceremonial of abjuring her husband's religion and his gods and being retaken once more into the religion of her father. Under these circumstances, religion played a very important part in cementing and making sacred the marriage relation. Of course, this conception has long since passed away; and it has no motive force to determine or direct our sentiments or our practice in this modern world.

Let us pass to what Jesus lays down as the religious foundation for marriage. He says distinctly that Moses permitted men to put away their wives on account of the general hardness of the people's hearts,— on account of the fact that they were not highly enough developed to appreciate a nobler standard of life; but he makes the distinct assertion that "in the beginning" it was not so. In the first place, he says that in the beginning monogamy prevailed,— that God created one man and one woman and issued a law on the very threshold of his creative work, making monogamy the universal rule, the true and divine standard of life. But we know perfectly well to-day that, in regard to this supposed fact, Jesus was mistaken. We know perfectly well that monogamy did not prevail at the beginning of the world.

It started at the other extreme, and monogamy is the highest outcome of civilization instead of the beginning; and so the foundation which Jesus lays as distinctively religious is one which modern investigation cannot accept or indorse. It seems to me, then, that there is no reason, no ground in history, no ground anywhere that is valid, for regarding marriage as a sacrament in the sense in which it is so regarded by the Church. I, for one, do not believe in separating this particular part of life and that particular part, saying, This is holy, the Church blesses this, the Church puts its arms about this, and the Church protects this; and it leaves the rest as secular and common. Neither do I believe in making all life secular. Rather, with the definition which I hold of that most magnificent of terms, I believe that all life, marriage and every other part of it, should become, in our thought of it, religious, related thus to God as the highest end of human life. Do not make it all common and secular. Make it all holy and true and noble. I speak of this and emphasize it, lest, in declaring that marriage is no longer to be regarded as a sacrament, I may be thought of as discrowning and relegating it to a somewhat lower level. Instead of that, I would rather lift up all life and bring it to the highest level, making it all related to the divine.

I believe, then, as the result of the best study I have been able to give to the subject, that there is no ground for our treating the marriage relation otherwise than as a civil contract. I would gather about it all the tenderest and most sacred and most elevating associations that we are capable of as the result of the highest thought of the world; but it seems to me that the State, as such, has no more right in regard to marriage than it has anywhere else to interfere with the perfect religious freedom of the world. The State belongs to this world. It has no right to project its laws and its

penalties into the other. The State belongs to the relations which you and I sustain to each other as citizens, in order to secure the public welfare. Beyond this, it has no right to go. I believe, then, that the State laws of our country should regard marriage as a civil contract simply.

What would be the result? Men and women ought to be perfectly free to enter into this relationship according to their judgment,— as, indeed, they are free. But the State should stand by and see to it, just as it does in regard to any other contract, that the rights and responsibilities of the contracting parties are securely guarded; and that the State to-day does not do. It permits this, as though it were a civil contract, to be perfectly free, so far as the initiative is concerned; but there is hardly any other contract in America so loosely guarded, as respects rights and responsibilities of the partners thereto, as is this contract of marriage. Men can get out of it, and shirk and shift their responsibilities, and disregard their sacred duties here a great deal easier than they can the rights and responsibilities of a business firm which they may establish. When a man stands before a magistrate, be he civil or religious, and pledges himself to look after the welfare and happiness of a woman, he assumes a tremendous responsibility; for the happiness of a life is committed to his hands. And, when a woman takes her husband by the hand, she assumes, on her part, an equal responsibility for the happiness and welfare of a life which may be wrecked by the impulse, passion, or whim of the other. And not only that. When children are born, they come here at the call of parents, without asking to be born; and all laws and public sentiment should be directed to the careful and scrupulous guardianship of the rights and welfare of the child. Fathers and mothers have no right to bring them here, unless they

bend all their energies of brain, heart, and hand to see to it that life is to them a blessing, and not a curse, and fit them for the career upon which they are to enter. Thus, then, the mutual rights of the husband and the wife, and of the children, the State should most stringently and most studiously guard.

Let us see, then, what is the actual condition of things here in Massachusetts to-day, and consider what it is possible for the law to do in the way of making them better than they are. In 1786 there were only two causes for divorce on our statute books. To-day there are nine legal grounds for separation. Does this necessarily indicate a growth of immorality in Massachusetts? This is a question we need to ask and intelligently try to answer. During the last few years, there has been, as indicated by the statistics on the subject, a growing frequency of divorce; not necessarily that there have been more cases this year than last, but that, during the last ten years, there have been more than there were forty or fifty years ago, for the same time. Divorces are growing more frequent, so the makers of statistics tell us, throughout Massachusetts and New England. Does this indicate that we are in a worse condition morally than we were fifty or a hundred years ago? I, for one, do not believe it for a moment. When you consider the increase of population, the change in character of the population as affecting this subject, I think you will modify your judgment very much in this matter.

And then another thing we must remember; and that is that there would naturally be more divorces when they are allowed for nine causes than when they were allowed for only two causes. Divorce does not necessarily mean an immoral act, nor does it necessarily mean an increase of immorality in the public mind and in the public practice. It

may mean an indication of an evil condition, the like of which has existed for a hundred years, but unable to give to itself any public or legal expression. It may mean only an attempt on the part of people to set themselves free from these difficulties. It may mean, in other words, not an evil, but only the cure, or attempted cure, of an evil which has been existing for years.

But it is not enough to make general statements in regard to general facts. You must study individual cases to find out whether the home was broken by divorce, or whether it was broken twenty years before the divorce took place. This is a very important point which the makers of statistics rarely take account of. During the time divorces have been increasing, there has been a general elevation of the standard of human life. There has been an uplifting of our ideal of education. There has been a growing sentiment in regard to the ideal of men and women, so that more discrimination is used in the choice of a life companion than there used to be. The ideal of manhood and womanhood has been raised. There has been a growing ability on the part of women to support themselves; and it is judged by some writers on this subject that the growing freedom of women, and their admittance to employments formerly held exclusively by men, have been causes which have helped along this growing frequency to divorce. Very likely; but, in so far as this is true, it is not by any means clear that it is an evil. Every one who has had to study the problems of charity, or who has had to help the poor and those struggling to help themselves, is familiar with facts like this: Here, for example, is a family of six or seven children, a mother and a father. We try to help them; but we do not dare to give the mother money, because the drunken brute of a father will take it away and spend it for whiskey. Nine times out of ten, he adds next to

nothing to the support of the family. He is only another child for the already overburdened mother to support, and generally the worst one of the lot, the one who takes most out of her life and heart and pocket. He makes it harder for her to support them than as though he were a million miles away. Now, in a case like that, it would be a definite benefit to the wife and children to be altogether rid of him. People talk sometimes of the rights of the children in such cases; and we must talk of them very seriously. But the continual bickering, the sight of the broken and ruined home, is a year-long education in evil of the children; and the moral as well as the physical welfare of the children may demand a separation.

What, then, is the result of this law of making marriage simply a civil contract? Of course, it is divorce under certain circumstances and at certain times. When, then, ought divorce to be allowed? It seems to me that we shall find the answer to our question by asking wherein marriage consists. What is marriage? Marriage is the bond of mutual love and self-respect which holds together a man and a woman. You and I know very well that there are plenty of men and women up and down this country who are simply tied together by legal bonds,— not married,— where it is simply a mockery and a sham, no sort of bond existing which constitutes the essence of the true relationship which should exist between them. I believe that, in such cases, the husband and wife are better off apart: the law should set them free, and allow them to go. If there is no marriage, why maintain the sham and mockery of one? I believe that both husband and wife would exercise a little more tender care, if they knew that on this sentiment and tenderness and care depended more than it does to-day their mutual happiness.

What practical steps can the law take in the matter of

divorce? The confusion and illogical condition of our marriage laws should cease.

1. There should be some uniform marriage law all over the country, so that, if a man marries in one State, he will be married in another State, according to its laws. Perhaps you are not aware that this, at present, is not the case. A man and a woman may get married in New York by a process which would not be considered a marriage in Massachusetts. This absurdity ought to be done away: there ought to be uniformity in regard to the laws of marriage.

2. In the next place, there ought to be uniformity in regard to the laws of divorce, so as to prevent the fraudulent methods and means which are now open to any one. As matters are now, almost any man or woman, whether there is decent and reputable ground for it or not, can obtain a divorce, and sometimes without the other party knowing anything about it. There are all sorts of fraudulent, underhanded, and half-secret modes by which it may be done.

3. I believe that there should be another reform,—that law should take into account the other part of the problem; the beginning, and not simply the end. It seems to me a little hard for the law to do everything it can to facilitate people's getting into the married state, so that they can stumble into it almost by accident. They are led into it by caprice, by impulse, by passion, by haste; and there are cases where young men and young women, having been married as they supposed in fun, have found that it was serious business after all.

The laws are so loosely constructed that there is almost nothing in the way; but, when one gets into it, the laws constitute marriage a trap from which it is not easy to get out. I would increase the difficulty in the beginning. I would have some properly constituted commission that

should compel people to take time to think what they are doing, to take the advice of their friends, and to consider something besides the mere whim of the moment, and fairly weigh the fact that they are engaged in the most momentous transaction of their lives. If the cure of the law could be turned into prevention applied at the beginning, and not at the end, I believe the matter would be largely and very seriously helped.

But, when we have done with all our discussion on statistics, on facts, and on illustrations, what then? You are not to be discouraged by the slow growth of humanity in any direction. Again, on the other hand, you are to open your eyes to the facts that it is a growth, a slow growth. No system of laws concerning marriage or divorce can possibly create perfect society at once or suddenly. There will be perfect marriages when there are perfect men and women. And, when we get perfect men and women, there will be no need of laws concerning marriage or divorce; for perfect people can well be left to be a law unto themselves. We must remember, then, that the evils in this direction are to be gradually overcome by the general growth of society. As men and women become better educated, more intelligent, more self-controlled; as they look forward with a wise foresight toward the future, weighing the results of their actions; as they attain a higher sense of honor and nobler conceptions of the responsibility which is laid upon them by the deeds of their lives; as they grow nearer and nearer to the ideal type of men and women,—all these evils will gradually be eliminated, and left behind as parts of a long outgrown history; and men and women will enter upon the time of perfect marriage, because they have attained to perfect manhood and womanhood.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

OUR metaphorical use of the word "sphere" in this connection is derived from the technical term of the old Ptolemaic astronomers. It was believed, until within a few hundred years, that the earth was the centre of this solar system, and that the sun, moon, planets, and the fixed stars revolved about it. Knowing nothing of the laws of gravitation or the forces which keep the planets in their orbits, they were obliged to frame some artificial scheme by which they could be held in their places, and their motions could be rationally explained. As the result of this, there grew up the belief that, outside the earth and enclosing it, there were nine concentric, translucent, hollow spheres. To one of these crystal spheres was attached the moon; to another, Venus, Mars, the sun; and so on. In the outermost were the fixed stars, and all in the same plane. These spheres revolved about each other, carrying sun, moon, and planets with them. It was from this old idea that sprang the phrase that we hear familiarly used, and that the poets referred to so frequently, "the music of the spheres,"—a music supposed to be produced by this continuous and harmonious revolution. And sometimes, when there was a falling star, such as we observe to-day, knowing that they are meteoric fragments of some larger planet, it was supposed that a star had shot from its sphere. So we find Shakspere, in

the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," makes Oberon, the king of the fairies, say,—

> "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music."

From this old idea of the spheres has come this modern use of the word.

We talk about the sphere of the man, the sphere of the woman, about people getting out of their spheres; and all this presupposes that there is some orderly orbit for everything that exists, for each creature that lives,—some round through which each existence ought to move, in order to fill out the highest ideal of its nature.

When we talk of inanimate things, and of those creatures that make up the sub-human life of the world, we cannot speak of their getting out of their spheres without departing from that which is generally regarded as true concerning them. They are each held in their spheres and have no capacity to depart from them, because the sphere of each is determined by its own nature and the forces and circumstances that play upon it. The sphere of the star is fixed. The sphere of the animal is fixed, and we cannot conceive of its leaving it. It has little or no power to originate any modification of its sphere or ability to depart from it. If a fish by any process could get out of its sphere in the water or the bird could get out of its sphere in the air, it would mean destruction of its life. But every one knows, who has studied the progress of evolution on this planet, that all animal forms have undergone some serious modification of their structure and habits of life under the influences of a changed and perpetually changing environment. This means, not that they have left their spheres, but only that, through these progressive changes, modifications of their

spheres have been wrought out or even new ones have been created for them.

But, when we come to man, we are in the face of facts quite unlike those with which we have been so far dealing. Man's sphere is determined very largely by his nature. A man, if he lives at all, lives a human life. He lives according to the structure of his body and of his mind. He must act out his own nature, whether it be a lower or a higher one. In other words, a man must be a man and must move through a human sphere of life, thought, and activity. But, beyond this, his sphere is determined by a power which is not possessed by anything inanimate or animate, vegetable or animal, below himself,—a power of originating modifications, of creating for himself artificial surroundings, of making for himself an artificial orbit.

To take an extreme illustration, to show how far this may be carried, look at caste in India. A man in India is born not simply a man; but he is born a Brahmin, or a soldier, or an artisan, or a worker in the soil, or, lower still, a pariah, an outcast. He is born into some one of these spheres, and he has no power to escape from it: the doom is upon him for life. A Brahmin once, a Brahmin always; a warrior once, a warrior always; an artisan once, an artisan for life; and so of all the other social divisions and orders of the country. Here, then, man has created for himself an artificial system.

In America, we have no such distinctions as these. We see no reason why a man should not be left to choose for himself whether he will be a scholar, a soldier, an artisan, a farmer, a lawyer, or what not. He makes his sphere for himself according to his own nature, capacity, and desires. But this was not true on the part of our forefathers any more than it was formerly true in India, and is still true there

to-day. It is not long since, even in England, a man was supposed to stick to the guild or trade of his father; and, even to-day, there are certain social distinctions there which no man has the power to obliterate. If he is born into the aristocracy, he is an aristocrat all through his life, no matter what may happen to him. If he be born outside of that charmed circle, only the word of the queen can lift him up to any higher level.

There is another distinction that we need to take note of. Men have the power to get out of their spheres in another way. Fathers have the power of determining a false sphere for their sons. I remember one such instance among my classmates, a young man who was born with a profound, positive genius for mechanics. From the time he could lift a knife or handle a tool, he showed indications of this genius. The bent of his whole nature was in that direction; he desired this as nothing else; he had a passionate love for machinery. His father, however, determined that he should not move in this natural orbit, but forced him through college, through the seminary, and into the ministry. So the mechanical side of the world lost a genius for the sake of adding to the ministry a very doubtful acquisition. What is true of this man is true in regard to a great many others. People fail in this direction and that, because, as everybody says, they are out of their spheres, or they have not found their places. Hindrances of one kind and another have determined that they shall move in this orbit when they were born to move in that. In the one, they might have produced a music by their life like that poetic, fabled music of the spheres. As it is, there is only grating and jarring and discord. So much then, in a general way, as to the meaning of the word "sphere" of man or woman. We are this morning to confine ourselves, however, to the discussion of the woman's sphere.

Some one asked me the other day why I preached on woman's sphere and not on man's. I was glad to have the question propounded, because it gave me an opportunity to make a public answer to that which is an important question. Woman's sphere is the topic to-day in the newspapers, in the magazines, and on the platform. It is even preached about in our pulpits; and it is not only liberal ministers who take topics like this, for, about a year ago, one of the most conservative New York ministers, in a series of Lenten sermons, took the most extreme old-fashioned ground on this subject, even going so far as to think that society was in a very bad way because the matter is so much agitated.

Why do we speak of woman's sphere? For the simple reason that man, at least in this country, is free to determine what his sphere shall be. Except, perhaps, in individual cases where parental influence or some local pressure like that is brought to bear, each one of us is free, so far as this matter of his life is concerned, to do whatever he can and will. If he does not do something nobler and better, if he does not reach some higher road, some loftier level in society, in art, in literature, in politics, it is not because of any artificial obstruction: it is because he has not the nerve or the brain or the character that is able to carry him to the height that he looks upon with longing, but cannot attain. In other words, men are free to make for themselves such spheres as they will.

But is this true of women? Men and women started out on the same level in regard to these matters; but, in very many and very important particulars, women have been left behind in the race. There are a thousand things that are tabooed for the woman that are perfectly free for the man. There are avenues along which she may look that she may not enter. There are professions that she may desire to

practise that are practically prohibited; or, if she enters, she is surrounded by social obstructions, political and religious prejudices, or met by the dissuasions of friends, so that she is not free as a man is free. I am not yet discussing the question whether this is a good or a bad thing: I am only stating a matter of fact.

Man, then, here, at least, is free, and woman is not; and that is the reason why woman's sphere is being discussed on every hand, and why it will be for a good many years to come. Yet I think that, possibly, there has been a little too free use of the phrase, "the tyrant man," in this connection. Man is not the only one to blame. He is not the only one that has kept back the advancing footsteps of woman, in her desire to free herself from the obstructions that have lain in her pathway in the past. Man is not the principal obstacle to-day to anything that woman desires in the State of Massachusetts. It is the indifference, the carelessness of women themselves. It is the conservative instinct and tendency of women that share, at least, with man whatever of blame must be attached to either of them for the facts of her present position. There has never been a time in the history of the world, so far as I am aware, when there has been any dominant religious, political, or social institution that women in a mass have not clung to with more tenacity than have men, that women have not been more anxious to maintain than men. I speak of women as a whole. Let me give you one or two illustrations.

I saw an extract the other day from the *Woman's Journal*, written by Col. T. W. Higginson, which relates a little incident that carries with it a lesson. An American gentleman, in Germany, was walking on the streets with a German lady. There was a bundle of some proportions to be carried home; and the gentleman, following his American

habit and instinct of politeness, insisted on carrying it, until, by and by, he found that, in the estimation of the young lady, he was really in danger of disgracing her by his politeness. She was ashamed to be seen on the streets of this German city with a man who would so demean himself as to carry a bundle. It was proper enough for the woman to carry it, because that was the habit of the place. I mention this to illustrate my point,— that, often, the disabilities that attach to the position of the woman find armies of women defenders.

Take another example, the suttee,— the burning of widows in India. It would have been very easy to abolish a practice like that, if men only had been interested in it; but, when you attempt to do away with it, you find yourself face to face with the strange fact that it was not merely the men who thought the women ought to be burned, but it was the widows who insisted upon being burned. It was a religious conviction with them, a part of their loyalty to their husbands, that they should follow them into the other world.

I was reading, not long ago, in regard to the habits of some people who were living in what, whether present or past, was a state of barbarism, and represented a barbaric type of society,— a case of a woman who went home to her mother, after being married for two or three weeks, in great distress of mind, because her husband had not struck her for the whole time she had been married. It was customary for husbands to exercise their superior authority in that sort of fashion among her friends, and she took it as a kind of insult,— as a hint that he did not care enough about her to exert his authority over her; and she was almost ashamed of him for not being as lordly in his family as her neighbors' husbands were in theirs. That seems to be the reason underlying such a fact.

In polygamous countries, the greatest obstacle to monogamy is the contentment, the passionate attachment for the system of the women themselves. You could not keep polygamy in Utah twenty-four hours, if the women were not satisfied with it. There are many cases on record of polygamous wives expressing their utter contempt for a man who did not have more than one wife, for a man who was not rich enough, strong enough, lordly enough to have more than one. They can hardly conceive how a woman could have attachment for a weak-spirited being like that!

So, too, in the times of slavery there were many slaves who not only looked down with contempt on the "poor white trash," but with unspeakable pity and scorn for the poor "niggers" who were wandering around without any master to take care of them. This indicates how people become adjusted and attached to their conditions, without any question as to whether they are right or wrong. These instances I have given to show that women are quite as responsible as men for any disabilities that attach to their present condition.

But is it true that here in America there is any serious difference between the freedom of men and women? Are not women practically as free as men, as free at least as they ought to be? Are there any obstructions to be removed? Do they not practically have freedom to make for themselves their own spheres? Why all this talk about women's sphere? Does not woman have all the liberty she needs and all that is good for her? That last question, it seems to me, is a common one that men ask in regard to these matters; but the question itself is a stinging insult. What business has any man in America to decide for any woman, or any body of women, as to whether she has as much liberty as is good for her? That is her business.

When we concede that women have the right, as women, to decide whether we, as men, have all the liberty that is good for us, why, then, we can perhaps ask that question; but we cannot ask it with a very good grace so long as we have all the freedom that we choose to take, and they have only all we choose to give. That is really the attitude of things here in America to-day. From the beginning of the world until now, women have had what men have chosen to give, no more, no less. This has sprung out of the fact that woman has always been physically the weaker, and has been dependent upon man. It has always been in the power of some man or some body of men to give to her home, clothes, adornments, indulgences, happiness, social station, position, power. Only here and there, and now and then, has any woman been so situated that she could obtain these things for herself. She has generally stood in an inferior and comparatively feeble condition, asking for what she should receive at the hand of a practical master. Very rarely has woman been able to do anything other than this. It is perfectly natural, under these circumstances then, that woman should have grown up through all the ages firmly persuaded that the best and wisest and safest thing for her to do was to make herself pleasant to man; for this has been literally and strictly true, that along this pathway has lain all her welfare, her happiness, her success.

Now, then, I wish to review four or five different points wherein it seems to me there may be some serious hindrances left here in America, even here in Massachusetts, in the way of woman making a sphere for herself with precisely the same freedom that man makes his sphere for himself. I should be ashamed to argue for the right of any woman to do this. I think, if you look at it in this way, there is not a gentleman present who would not be ashamed to

discuss the question whether any particular woman had a right to be just as free as a man. Whether it is expedient, whether it is wise, whether it is proper, is another question. But for years, when people have asked me, Why has not a woman the same right as a man in these particulars? I have been always dumb, I have never found a respectable answer to give.

Let us then consider these four or five points.

1. I spoke in a previous sermon of this course concerning the slavery of women to the kitchen. I called the kitchen as it is organized to-day, what I believe it will be unanimously called in future ages, a relic of barbarism. Women are decried on every hand because they have not more love for the kitchen. I honor them for it. I hope the day will come when they will no more be bound to it than their husbands are. I have never been able to see why it is a woman's business to cook any more than it is a man's business. Men, by the way, are the best cooks that there are in this nineteenth century, acknowledged to be everywhere; for they have learned it as a science and studied it as an art. Instead of considering it a dangerous sign of revolution on the part of women when they like to have as little to do with the kitchen as possible, I hope the time will speedily come when they have so little to do with it that they will be entirely free from this kind of slavery. I touch on this as one of the things that we are to hope for when the human race gets civilized. But, so long as the best women of the world are slaves to the process by which the food is prepared to keep our bodies alive, how can you expect them to have time or strength or brain for working out a high ideal of that life itself?

2. I am to touch now on what I consider a very serious hindrance in the way of woman's advance and of her fitness

to take her place by the side of the man; and that is the much-talked about, much-ridiculed, but very little seriously considered subject of dress. As the result of long ages of experiment, man has become at last practically free from bondage to the question "wherewithal shall I be clothed?" He has evolved for himself what is at least a healthful, convenient, simple method of apparel. He has thrown off the burdensome side of it until all he needs now is to leave an order at his tailor's,—provided he has money to pay him. He has no care, no worry, no fret, no trouble, no planning for days and weeks as to his fitness to go to the next party or as to what he shall do to get self and children ready for a summering at the beach or in the country, or as to what is fit to wear at Easter, or to prepare for the long round of engagements in the winter months. Men are free from this harassing, bewildering, hindering burden. They may not be clothed so beautifully as the grasses of the field or the flowers of the garden, or even as the wife, mother, and sisters; but he is at least free from the slavery of dress. But, so far as women are concerned, nothing of this kind can be said. There are the most serious indictments from the stand-point of health, of brain, of morals, to be brought against woman's dress.

In the first place, every physician knows that woman burdens herself in such a way with her clothing as to make it almost impossible, in nine cases out of ten, for her to be in perfect health. Her shoes, her skirts, almost every article of her apparel cramps, hinders, hurts, injures, somewhere; so that there is very serious danger of the permanent deterioration of the race itself, unless woman in some way becomes free from this trammel. I am no advocate of ugliness. I consider it a woman's duty to look as well as she can; but certainly nine-tenths of the fashions that have prevailed for

the last hundred years have looked well, even to women, only while they have lasted. The minute they have gone by they become the laughing-stock of society. If some sculptor from the glorious age of Greece would only put into marble a fashionable society woman as she appears at an evening party to-day, do you think that it would be admitted a hundred years hence into any museum or gallery, except as a curiosity? These transient fashions are not intrinsically or essentially beautiful.

Three considerations ought to rule in this matter. First, health; next, comeliness, beauty; third, such simplicity as shall set the whole race of womankind free from spending so large a part of time in thinking about dress. It is not only physically injurious to them: it interferes with brain development by taking so large a part of their time, and it interferes, as it seems to me, with the highest and grandest and broadest moral culture by developing vanity, rivalry, and frivolity in every direction. Women need to be made as free as men in this respect; and it does seem to me that we cannot call ourselves very highly evolved until somebody shall be wise enough to develop a healthful costume for women that shall not at the same time be hideous. The great trouble with the attempts that have been made thus far is that no woman of taste can be found to adopt the costumes invented by those especially interested in dress reform. It is my opinion that women will not be free from their disabilities until they have overcome this great obstacle.

3. Next, let me refer to the matter of education. We are getting to be quite free in this regard; and yet, even to-day, women are not so free as men. Only a few universities and higher schools are open to them; and those who are doing the most in one direction for the education of women are building colleges exclusively for women, in which I do not believe, and

outlining what they consider peculiarly and fittingly a woman's course of instruction. What is a woman's course of education? Is there any sex in knowledge? Is there any reason why a woman should not know the facts of this great universe that is the stage on which she plays her part? Is there any reason why she should not know the laws of her being, body, and brain, precisely as any man wishes to know them? Is there any reason why she should not study the development of human society, history, political laws, forces, organizations, and so be able to comprehend the development of the world of which she is a part? I do not know of one single department of study or investigation that is fitting for a man that is not equally fitting for a woman, and that is not in the main and on the average equally important for her. As an illustration of how puerile and contemptible the whole objection is, consider the case of a woman attempting to study medicine. If she is brave enough to attend a clinical lecture, there will be a howl and insurrection almost among the "gentlemen" students, who all the while think it is perfectly fitting for her to lie on a sofa in her parlor and get prurient knowledge out of a French novel.

I believe, then, that in this matter of education there needs to be an obliteration of every distinction; and, whether they follow them or not, that every way of instruction should be made as open and free to woman's feet as to the feet of any man.

4. I pass now to consider another point of inequality at present existing, in the matter of occupations. There is a great deal of talk about women stepping out of their spheres in the matter of business; but women have not found fault with men for going out of their spheres, like Worth, of Paris, and others doing similar work in New York and London. Women do not find fault that men go into cooking at the

great restaurants or in the families of wealthy men. Women seem to be a little more generous than men in this respect. Only a little while ago, I saw a complaint from some man that the reason that so many men were out of employment was due to the fact that women had encroached on the sphere of masculine labor. I think, before I made such a complaint as that, I would "go West and grow up with the country."

I do not know of any work that a woman is fitted to do that should not be open to her. Mr. Cable, in the *Grandissimes*, pictures a mother and daughter, who had lived in luxury, conversing together after they had lost their property. The moral is good for any place and time. They had come to almost the last meal. Belonging to the aristocracy by birth, they could not work, but yet they could not starve. "It is not so hard to live," says one, "but it is hard to be ladies." Then, afterward, the daughter says: "After all, what troubles us is not how to make a living, but how to get a living without making it. Look at me," she says. "I can cook, but I must not cook. I could take in sewing, I could keep accounts, I could nurse the sick; but I must not. I could be a confectioner, a vest-maker, a cleaner of gloves and laces, a dyer, a bird-seller, a mattress-maker, an upholsterer, a dancing teacher, a florist"— Then, the mother adds, "If society has decreed that ladies must be ladies, then that is our first duty: our second is to live."

So society does decree that, if a woman happens to be in society, then her first duty is to be a lady and keep in society. Whether she lives, or whether she lives without honor, is a minor consideration.

Let me point out one or two artificial distinctions that seem to me absurd on the face of them. I know a lady, not fifty miles from Boston, whose husband failed in business, and utterly broke down in health. Instead of giving up in

despair, and saying, "I am a lady and must starve," and letting her children want, according to the etiquette of society, she gathered up her forces and went into business herself. Since that time, she has been earning somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars a year. She has supported her husband, sent her boys to college, and placed her family in as comfortable circumstances as they were before her husband's failure. Is that woman leaving her sphere, or is she doing something grand and noble?

Yet, curiously enough,—and I wish ladies especially to notice this,—while they have no shrinking from associating with the gentleman who makes their husband's clothes, they will not associate with the lady who makes their own. Until you get over a few of these things, do not be too hard on the tyrant man.

I do not know of any occupation which, by nature and capacity, she is fitted to enter into that should not be as open and free to any honorable woman as the air is to any bird that chooses to fly. I defy anybody to give even the fraction of a reason why she should not.

5. I pass from that to consider the culmination of all; and that is the question of citizenship for women. There are a great many, perhaps, who follow me with very little hesitation so far, who may not like so well what I propose to say now. I know I am treading on questionable ground; but I shall be as frank and free as on other points involved. And the gist of the whole matter is that, after watching this movement in favor of what is called "woman's rights" for some years, after studying every phase of it, after reading the books that have been written on both sides, although I have never taken any immediate part in the discussion, I have found myself utterly unable to frame in words any reason that commands my intellectual respect why any

woman should not vote as well as any man. Woman certainly is interested in the government under which she lives. It touches her interests, whether she is awake to it or not. Men are perpetually framing laws dealing with the property of women, without asking their consent. We got up quite a disturbance here in Boston a hundred years ago, because England proposed to put a petty tax on tea, without letting us be represented in Parliament. It was a very slight matter looked at superficially; but it involved the existence of this Republic. The men of Massachusetts are taking away from its women at least two million dollars a year, without asking their leave or allowing them to say what shall be done with it. If there were sixty thousand men in Massachusetts taxed and governed, without their being able to say anything with regard to how it should be done, there would be a screaming of the American eagle, and an application of the principles of the Declaration of Independence such as would give this country no rest until the matter was reformed. I cannot find a reason for refusing suffrage to women. I am ashamed to argue it. I do not know any words with which to argue it, because I cannot find anywhere a shred of common sense to oppose to it. I have read almost everything that has been spoken against it; and it all seems to me hardly worth being brushed out of the way. I do not know why my wife has not the same right to cast a vote that I have, if she chooses. If she does not, I would not compel her to do it any more than I would compel a man; but I would give woman the same liberty as man and then let her do as she pleases about it. I call upon all the world, if there is anybody in it who can, to give a respectable reason why she should not. I have not found one yet.

Now, at the last, I want to review two or three points that

are raised in the way of alarm when this question is under discussion. First, woman is said to be man's inferior, physically and intellectually; and, therefore, she should not be educated the same as a man and should not have the same liberty as to occupation and as to the ballot. Not long since, a woman of Boston wrote an article in the *North American Review*, the whole gist of which was that a woman's brain does not weigh so much as a man's brain. It would be ludicrous if so many people were not serious about it. If physical strength and weight of brain are to determine superiority, why then let us have some standard and have men examined and tested, and, when they do not come up to the physical standard, let them be disfranchised. Let us be fair in this matter. Is a man who is so physically incapacitated that he has to go to the polls in a carriage incapable of casting a vote? Because a woman cannot run so fast or lift so heavy a weight does not seem to me to be a very valid argument against the ballot for woman. I should rule it out of court. The question is not, Have women written as great poems or composed as wonderful music or been as great sculptors, painters, lawyers, as men? If we are going to judge like this, then why let men have citizenship, unless they have done some great work which places them among the old masters? It is not the question how great a thing can a woman do, but shall she be as free as a man to do what she can. Let us have equality on all hands.

On every hand, the alarm is raised that some terrible thing is to happen, if the demands of women are granted to them. What dreadful thing? Lord Lytton once said that England had stood on the verge of at least six tremendous crises. So there are people who are always pointing out some dreadful thing that is to happen, if something else takes place. Every franchise that has been granted in England

has been accompanied with such threats; but the broad base of government has not tottered, it stands surer than ever.

Women certainly are as much interested in good laws as men are, as much interested in keeping the peace as men are, as much interested in financial honesty as men are. I do not think a set of women could do worse in finance than men have done since the war. I do not think they could, if they had tried, have invented any more foolish heresies or engaged in any more wild schemes. I do not know of any interest that touches men that women are not as honestly, as genuinely, and as intelligently interested in as we are.

Fear is expressed on every hand that, if you let women have a chance, if they are free to do as they please, they will become unwomanly. If I thought that, I should be in favor of putting them back into the Middle Ages at once; but the fear, I believe, is meaningless.

What do we mean by unwomanly, by leaving their sphere? Women have never yet had a chance in perfect freedom to find out what their sphere is. Did Florence Nightingale leave her sphere? Did Ida Lewis? Did Grace Darling? Has Mrs. Livermore left her sphere? Have the thousands of noble women in England and America, who are foremost in all kinds of reform, who are at the same time intensely womanly, refined, noble, sweet, true wives, mothers, and daughters, unimpeached and unimpeachable,—have they left their sphere?

Every little while, a pathetic and comical picture is drawn of a woman flying about the streets or at a caucus, while her husband sits dejected at home, rocking the cradle; and it is said that this is to be the result, if women get what they demand. If any woman who gets the ballot thinks more about it and cares more for it than for husband and children, then I do not believe she is giving her home what she should

do now. But this objection seems to me puerile and silly. All the men vote now, or can vote. That does not mean that they are all engaged in politics. There is not an election but the papers cry out that thousands do not care enough to vote, or to go to the caucus to see that proper nominees are chosen. They do not care enough about it to look after their own interests. Are women so different from their husbands and fathers that they are going suddenly to forget all their old sweetness and light and beauty, and rush into politics the moment they get a chance? Suppose they are eligible to office. I do not feel in danger of becoming President of the United States or a candidate for a judgeship because I can vote. You do not find men neglecting business for politics except a few professionals who make a business of politics. This cry is too absurd to mention, were it not made so much of. Women are women, and will be women, governed by the great forces of love, truth, honor, loyalty, that we trust to govern men. So far as any necessity being laid upon them to neglect their homes if women have the ballot, every time they post a letter, they leave home just as much as they would in order to cast a vote.

It seems to me that right and justice and honor call upon us to make women just as free as men are free. And, as we trust man to seek and create for himself his own orbit, his own sphere, in precisely the same sense we should give woman liberty, and trust her to find her place unhampered, unhindered by any artificial restriction, controlled only, as men are controlled, by the inherent and eternal forces of their own nature. And, when this is done, I believe that we shall find humanity has taken one great forward step in civilization; and, instead of its hurling woman out of her sphere, it will only be as when an astronomer looks into the heavens and finds binary stars together. One of

them frequently appears to shadow and obstruct the other; but, when the revolutions of these far-off, bright points bring them out so that they stand side by side, shining with equal lustre, we know that, instead of having departed from their spheres, they are only moving properly in their orbits, and making the sky more beautiful by their equal beams.

CAREERS FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

In those lands where social distinctions are still maintained, where there is an aristocracy at the top of society and a commoner class beneath that, and so graded all the way down, it has been found, in recent years, a very serious problem for those occupying the higher social stations to find fitting careers and positions for their sons; that is, such careers as they are willing to have them fill, and which do not imply, from their stand-point, a going down in the world. Only a few years ago, the younger sons of what are called "good families" could be provided by purchase with commissions in the army or navy, or with places in the civil service. They could have livings in the Church presented to them. There were many of what were regarded as gentlemanly occupations, gentlemanly careers open to them. But, in the changed condition of modern society, it has come to be felt that these various places ought to be filled on the ground of merit or fitness, and not simply through the accident of birth. It has therefore come to be a very serious problem how to find careers, not only for the daughters, but even for the sons. Every little while, the reviews and newspapers discuss and try to solve this problem; but the question is not settled yet.

Here, in this country, the finding of careers for our sons can hardly be spoken of as a problem. "The world is all

before them where to choose." We give our sons as good an education as we can. We train them into as good character as possible; and, then, we set them adrift in the world, confident that they will find their place, their level, as we say. There is hardly anything in this country that is not open to them, provided they have stamina, character, brains, and training to fit them for these higher positions.

But not only in the Old World, but here, and perhaps increasingly here on account of our democratic or our republican institutions, it is coming to be one of the most serious problems of the time what careers we can be able to open for our daughters. What shall be done with them?

I agree with the most conservative in saying that, just so far as it is possible, the answer to that question should be, "Marry them." I believe that the truest, noblest, most satisfactory career for any woman is to be found in the home. I care not what she may be able to do beyond the limitations of that home: if she have the brain and training of the statesman, the arts of the orator, the power of the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the musician, no matter what, I believe, in the long run, even such women find their truest place, their resting-point, their point of departure in the home, provided they can be properly, fittingly married. The bird sitting on her nest, her fellow-bird bringing to her food, or perched watchfully, or singing on a neighboring bough,—this is the ideal. A woman in her own home, surrounded by loving children, guarded by the strong, manly arm of the husband, who sympathizes with her in all she can do, and who is ready to help her in the noblest career she is capable of attaining,—this certainly is the ideal.

Once in a while, a novel like Dr. Holland's *Miss Gilbert's Career*, or a poem like Tennyson's *Princess*, is written, in which this is set forth as the one thing for

women in search of careers to do. And they are depicted, through chapter after chapter or canto after canto, as trying to find satisfaction in some other direction, and at last bowing their necks gladly to the matrimonial yoke, and entering upon the true sphere and mission of woman in the home. This is all fine, sweet, beautiful. I believe it, every word, provided,—but this provided leads to a very large, broad, and deep consideration,—provided it is possible. If it were as easy in actual life to create a faithful, noble, ideal husband as it is in a novel or poem, then we most certainly would have one for every woman in the world. But, unfortunately, in actual life we have to deal with something besides the ideal. We find ourselves face to face with hard facts,—facts that we do not create, that we cannot help, and that, somehow, we must meet, and about which we must do some practical thing.

As a matter of fact, then, there are at present in the world thousands and thousands of women who are not married and who never can be married. What of them? How does it come about that there is such a surplus of women in the great centres of the world? How does it happen that there are so many thousands that must support themselves by the work of their own hands or the ingenuity of their own brains, or else go over the gulf?

There are plenty of reasons. It is no mysterious problem to which we cannot find a satisfactory answer. The first reason is emigration. Hundreds and thousands of our strong young men are sent out as explorers, and to build new cities and towns and new civilizations. Some of the finest and strongest and noblest men are perpetually being sent out from the great centres of the world on this work, leaving the women at home. Statistics show that more boys are born than girls. The proportion is somewhere in the neigh-

borhood of one hundred and six to one hundred. And yet, in our great centres, you always find a large surplus of women.

Another reason is to be found in the wars and standing armies of the world. For thousands of men — thousands did I say? millions and millions of men — since the beginning of civilization, have been cut off in the prime of their life as the result of the devastating wars that have raged almost constantly between those nations that have led the civilization of the world. In Europe, almost every people has an immense standing army, made up of vigorous young men just at the time of life when they would have been establishing careers for themselves and when they would be marrying and making for themselves a home. When they return from the wars or when they are through with their term of conscription, they have very likely acquired tastes or habits that unfit them for building a home. They are less fit to enter business successfully; and so many thousands of men are made unfit to become home-builders and protectors of the women that would naturally look to them for help and support.

There are other processes going on in every civilized nation in the world. How many husbands are there who, after taking some trusting woman by the hand and pledging her support, guidance, and help, prove unfit for the trust and afterward desert her, leaving her to support herself and the little children gathered about her feet! Then, how many husbands fail in business, or through sickness become unable to redeem the pledges they have made, though their hearts ache as sincerely as do the hearts of the wives, on facing the dreary prospect that is before them! Then, how many husbands die, leaving their wives to take care of themselves not only, but to support the children! In this changed condition of our modern life where there are so many business chances, business ventures, business speculations, you

need to face the fact that there is not a single woman of you all that may not through the vicissitudes of the future find herself under the necessity of solving the problem of practical, personal support. It is not something far away except in your imagination. I trust it may never come, but it may come; and you should at least consider the condition of those who have come into the midst of these necessities, under no greater fault perhaps than that which would be laid to your charge, should it come to you.

There are, then, these thousands of women, twenty thousand at least, probably in Boston,— perhaps more,— more than two hundred and fifty thousand in Massachusetts, who have to face the question of personal support, who have fallen, for good or for bad, into the position known as that of the working-woman.

There used to be something for such women as this to do. Almost throughout the entire history of Christianity, the Church generally made provision for women left alone in the world. They could flee to convents; they could enter some sisterhood of charity or mercy; they could be wedded to the Church; they could lavish all the devotion of their hearts and lives upon their ideal of the Christ, feeling that they were in personal sympathy with him every day, that he helped them and lifted them up and led them on, carrying for them the burdens laid upon them. Support at least was given them; and there was in their devotion to the cause an outlet for the emotions of their hearts and the work of their hands, so that they were not quite so much alone. And in many a pre-Christian nation a similar thing was true.

But the conditions of the world have changed. There is no longer an outlet of this sort for any large number of these thousands to which I have alluded. They must now, without any assistance from the Church, without any emotional

resources of this sort, face the hard, practical problem of earning their own bread and clothing. They must fight for a standing-place in the world, or it may be for some higher grade in society than that which is accorded them.

I want now to ask you for a little to look at some of the practical disabilities and difficulties of these working-women, that you may see what a fight for life they have to make, that you may see the obstacles they have to overcome, the dangers that threaten them at every turn, the fatal facility for ruining themselves body and soul that is not open in the same way to a man.

There are in the city of Boston at least twenty thousand working-women whose wages average weekly from four to five dollars; and that is by no means the lowest. They are obliged to rent a room, pay their board, provide themselves with clothing and all the necessities of life; and, when you make a careful arithmetical estimate of how much they are able to earn and how much with the closest and strictest economy they are able to save in the course of a year, you will find that they can possibly lay by — if they are in health all the time and get work every day — something like ten dollars. That is, after they have fed, sheltered, and clothed themselves, this ten dollars represents the sum out of which they can provide themselves with the little superfluities of life. There is a sort of irony in the use of the words, "superfluities of life" in connection with a life like that. Thousands of women in a city where there are free libraries, free lectures, free art museums, free methods of culture in every direction, are utterly unable to avail themselves of them on account of the pinching poverty and necessity of their life.

I want to give you one or two specimens of the kind of work that some of them do and the wages they receive. Here, for example, is a woman whose business it is to finish

shirts for the market after they have been made by the sewing machine. One woman says in regard to her own work that she gets seven cents a dozen. How much does she do for seven cents? She puts four stays or gussets on each of them, sews on three buttons and one ticket. For some, on which she does more work, she gets as much as nine or ten cents a dozen. For seven cents, then, she sews on forty-eight stays, thirty-six buttons, and twelve tickets. This is a kind of work that a great many of them are engaged in.

Then there is another class of women who are working at finishing men's trousers for the manufacturers. They get twelve cents a pair for this work; and the amount of sewing they do is almost incredible, when you think they must live by it. Another class makes linen dusters at eight cents apiece. Had I time to give you the items as to what rent, fuel, and food cost and as to what is left over, it would seem incredible to those of us who are accustomed to make easy places for the women we love that they can live at all. And even this pittance they may lose, if they are sick or if they cannot get work all the time or if their employers fail.

Here, then, are all these women working for the barest necessities of life; and, in the case of almost every one of them, you must remember that it is simply impossible that they should not come into all sorts of difficulties. How many of you could work every day in the year? How many do not find some days when you are ill? How many of these workers are not frequently getting out of employment, not through their own fault? How many of the manufacturers are failing and turning them out to find some new situation, through the ups and downs of their business careers? Then, at every hand there is the temptation, for those women in the lower walks of life, of the saloon on every corner where for a little while they can at least forget, or procure for a few

pence the means of forgetting the past and of making an oblivion of the future. Then, if she happen to be fair and attractive, there is that other temptation facing her at every turn, to buy not only bread, but present comfort, a little room all her own, with flowers and pictures and rest and ease,—all to be had only by an association not recognized by the law, not countenanced by good society; starvation many a time on the one hand, a home, though an unsanctioned and unblest home, for a little while, on the other. Do you wonder that it is a question which shall be chosen? Not at any rate, until you have faced an alternative like this for yourself. It is very easy to say to the woman, "Starve,—be true to yourself, and starve." It is not so easy to do it; and it is not quite so fair and just to judge these women, unless you have had this dreadful alternative presented to your own life. Out of two thousand women of the town whose cases were investigated in New York, nearly nineteen hundred of them were found to be those who had been brought up to do nothing; and large numbers of them had merely chosen it as the last resort, as the only alternative between that and starvation.

There are, of course, thousands of women in this Commonwealth and city who are engaged in lucrative employments, who are earning a comfortable living without any more strain or burden being laid upon them than upon the shoulders of their brothers; but, in dealing with this as a practical problem, we must look at these worst cases, and see if something cannot be done to lift them up out of their degradation and make it easier for them to fight the battle of life, with some hope of success at last.

Is there anything that can be done for such cases as these? It seems to me that there is one thing, at any rate, that it is worth while for us to consider. We can do something

toward making work on the part of woman respectable. Why is it not as respectable for a woman to earn her own bread as it is for a man? Is there any reason except an unreasonable public sentiment? It is considered proper for a woman to sit in her own home and crotchet, paint, embroider, decorate or do many other things, provided she does them for her own amusement or the decoration of her own home. But the minute she sells the product of her labor because she needs to, she is supposed socially to have fallen to a lower level, and is classed instantly among working-women. Well, why not? All of us in this country, if we are half men, are working-men. Why should it be degrading for a woman, then, to go through life not simply taking out of the common fund and stock of the world's supply, but putting something in, so that she can feel, as she looks back over her career, that she has left the world no poorer than she found it?

There certainly is no general, human sentiment, so far as we can judge, that women should not work simply because they are women. If there is any sentiment of this kind at all, it is simply a little local feeling among the higher class of what is technically called society. Working-women in all ages have done the larger part of the world's drudgery. Throughout the whole period of savagery and barbarism clear up to the modern dawning of civilization, it is the women that have carried the burdens. Upon her back has been laid the servile drudgery of life. How is it here in America? It is the women still that are doing the most disagreeable kinds of service in the household, working in the kitchen, doing everything that comes under the name of housekeeping,—sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, scouring. How is it in regard to our farmers' wives? Is it not true of almost every farmer's wife that she does quite as much hard work as her husband, frequently a good deal more disagree-

able work? Does she not work more hours in the day than he? And yet nine times out of ten he talks about supporting her. And when, in a sort of half-generous way, he doles out a little of the money which has been earned in common, does he not fear, as he holds his purse-strings tight, lest she should expend more on what he calls feminine extravagance than is pleasing to him, while at the same time he may be spending far more for himself at the corner grocery or on his tobacco than she on all the finery she possesses?

In regard to what women are doing in Europe, let me read a quotation from Mrs. Livermore:—

"Everywhere in Continental Europe you see women engaged in the most laborious and servile work. I have seen them unloading freight-cars at the railroad stations; mixing mortar; making brick; quarrying stone and hewing it; building the road-beds of railways; sawing and splitting wood, and then mounting with it on their backs up four and six flights of stairs, where they packed it away snugly in back closets; climbing to the top of six and seven story buildings on ladders, bearing hods of brick and mortar for the convenience of masons; drawing ploughs through the furrow, while other women guided them; bent under heavy loads, borne on their backs in baskets graded to carry sixty pounds; harnessed with dogs, goats, cows, mules, and donkeys, and drawing heavy cartloads,—in short there is no imaginable drudgery or servility of labor into which women are not forced on the continent of Europe."

I remember distinctly the first impression that I got in regard to the condition of women in France, four years ago, on my first visit to Europe. I crossed from New Haven to Dieppe; and, when I landed, having two or three hours to spend before the departure of the train, I wandered out along the edge of the town, by the shores of the sea, to pass

away my leisure. There, I had my first glance at French women. I saw a whole army of women, with heavy baskets or hampers strapped on their backs, carrying stone up from the beach, to be used for macadamizing the roads.

There is, then, on the part of men in general, no sentiment that has ever kept them from permitting a woman to work because she is a woman. The thing, then, we need to do is to lift up woman's work as well as man's, and crown it with respectability. We need to help women who must work to work in an honorable and successful fashion, side by side with their brother workers of the world.

Now let us consider some practical suggestions as to what can be done. Every little while, a woman goes home from one of the great stores, and says that she has made a fine purchase. She has bought some article of wearing apparel three or four cents cheaper than ever before. I wonder how many times women consider, under circumstances like this, that perhaps, in this cheap bargain, they have been buying some woman's heart, blood, and soul, pinching it down to the very last breath, that they may gain a successful bargain. I note this simply as a fact. I do not, so far, find fault with it. It is a necessity of the world. The man or woman is not to be blamed, who makes a good bargain, if it be an honest one. It is for the advantage of the poorest people, even more than for the rich, that garments of every kind, that products of every sort, should be made as cheap as possible. So that, instead of this process being repressed, every invention, every improvement, every better way of doing things, is only narrowing it down more and more still. It is a healthful process; and one that will go on, and ought to go on. I suppose, here and there, there is a manufacturer who is the employer of fifty or a hundred women, who is hard and heartless and cruel, and who drives a severer

bargain than he needs to, or who is careless about paying them; but this is only incidental to the serious parts of our subject.

It is sometimes said that manufacturers ought to pay higher prices for the work they have done, that they ought to give the women enough, so that they can live well. But that is talk. That is not business. And it is business that we must face and deal with. Here, for example, is a manufacturer who pays these women more than he can afford to in competing with a neighboring manufacturer who also employs a hundred. The result, in a little while, is that he will fail; and these hundred women will be thrown out of employment, and be put in a worse condition than they were before. Competition is the law of business, and at present there is no likelihood of changing it; and, so long as there are hundreds and thousands of women who are ready to work for anything they can get, their wages must follow the law of supply and demand, as in the case of men.

But there is another thing that can be done; and this promises something in the way of an outlook in the direction of hope. There should be established in this country, in all our great centres, if not by private, by public expense, schools for the industrial and art training of women, such as there are in many other countries. This is even more important than the kind of instruction that they get at the public schools at the present time. If women are to miss any kind of instruction, they cannot afford to miss that which shall make them capable of earning their own bread. This is as important for girls as for boys. If, for example, all these working-women were skilled laborers, trained to do some finer, higher, better class of work, there would be a twofold result. First, there would be numberless new avenues opened for them, through which they could obtain occupa-

tion. The great trouble in the employment of men and women both is that the majority of them can do nothing well. Let me illustrate from my own home. There is one sewing-woman that we are so anxious to get that we let the work wait days and weeks for the sake of getting her services one day or two or three. There are a dozen or fifty women who would be glad to come at any time; but we do not want them, for the reason that this particular one is quick, apt, skilful, capable, and that she can do her work without oversight, and yet is sure to do it well. With others, there is required so much oversight that it is almost more labor to oversee them than to do the work itself. This illustrates what is true in all departments. Miss Emily Faithfull, when visiting America, said that the great difficulty with the employment of women is that, when you ask them what they can do, the reply is, "Oh, almost anything!" and that means nothing. I was told by a gentleman who employs women that he had five hundred applications already ahead for positions; but, he said, four hundred and eighty of them he should not even look at.

There ought to be then schools for the training of women in all industrial pursuits, artisan work, art work, and thus by raising the grade of woman's work we should raise the grade of their wages. I believe this is the direction in which we are to look for hope for the working-women of America. Already, in Sweden, in France, in England, and even in Mexico, there are schools of this sort, where women are trained to do all kinds of work that come within the range of their physical capacity and mental skill; and such schools as these ought to be established here.

What else is there that can be done? Law can do something to better the conditions of women. Let us consider what it practically comes to. Take a woman who, after being

sick for some weeks or being turned out of employment for a little while, gets into debt, provided she is fortunate enough to find some one that will trust her. She owes, say, twenty or twenty-five dollars: what can she do, when she gets employment again? The law permits her creditors to attach her earnings, so that these debts must first be paid before she can do anything beyond barely living. Think how much it means for a woman who can save by her work no more than ten or twelve dollars in a year to pay a debt of twenty-five dollars. It means more than it would for many a man to meet a debt of ten thousand dollars. The law allows a man who fails for fifty or a hundred thousand dollars to go into legal bankruptcy, and to use a part of his money until his affairs are settled. It provides for tiding him over, until he can get on his feet again. Cannot the law do something for the lower and poorer cases, that need it unspeakably more? There is no law for them at present, except that which tends to oppress them and make it harder for them. If law is for anything in this world, it ought to be to help, protect, and lift up the poorest and the weakest among us all, those who are least able to take care of themselves.

Then why should not corporations be compelled to do this? It is common for the great corporations not to put all their earnings into dividends, but to lay aside a certain percentage in prosperous times, so that they can issue dividends when the hard times come. Why would it not be both practical and right to compel these corporations that employ a large number of poor women to lay aside in prosperous times a certain percentage, so that, if they fail, these also can share the benefits of a bankruptcy law, and thus be tided over their hard time and given an opportunity to get on their feet once more? In such directions as this, law can help, it seems to me.

Then law can be made more stringent, more careful in the way of protecting women from the temptations that threaten and hang about them on every hand. It can make unscrupulous and reckless men more responsible for the results of the dangers that they thrust in the way of these women. It seems to me an indication of the fact that laws have been made heretofore exclusively by men that so little has been done in this direction.

Now, at the close, let me address that large number of women to whom such necessities as these never come, and appeal to them to find the career for which they long in doing something for their sisters. There are thousands of women who have not the responsibility of a home, who see their brothers go out and make careers for themselves, who do not know what it is to want anything except employment, who suffer from the *ennui* of having nothing to do, who read the last novel, who keep the run of the serial stories in the magazines, who make a few calls, who go into society, but whose lives are lifted up and inspired by no purpose. They live without any thing that is grandly human. Their lives are aimless, floating, fluctuating. They lounge and wait for something that never comes. Cannot such women as these find in the direction which I have intimated careers to call out their highest powers of brain, the noblest affections of their hearts, the skill of their hands, the employment of all the surplus money which is at their disposal? What nobler, better thing can they do than this?

Suppose you do not wish to vote; political life has no attraction for you; that whole side of the world repels you. Here, certainly, is a woman's field,—woman's work in aid of her sisters. Here, certainly, is employment fit, becoming, noble, true, womanly. Can you not then, with your time, your leisure, your money, study these great problems, see

what new laws need to be enacted, and bring your influence to bear upon those who make the laws and create the law-makers? Write, publish, do something to bring the condition of these working sisters to the knowledge of the world. Humanity is not cruel. Humanity is not hard-hearted. The great cruelties of the world are perpetrated through sheer ignorance and forgetfulness. We go on our prosperous ways, unconscious that below the surface of that society in which we move and of which we are a part are these great struggling masses of our brothers and sisters fighting for life every year, and finding the fight hopeless, and going down through starvation, through suicide, through crime, into the black abyss that swallows up humanity's failures.

The Transfiguration of Humanity.

THE old story of the origin and nature of man used to tell us that the first man was created perfect; that our race began its career in Eden; that man fell from his first estate and was thrust out of his original paradise; that, out of the great, lost masses of humanity, an elect few were chosen to illustrate the mercy and grace of God by a life of joy forever in his presence, while the great majority were left to their own devices, the issue of which was to be the expiation of their sins in an endless hell.

Modern science, however, has told us another story,— a story quite as wondrous as this, and unspeakably more hopeful. And, now, we are accustomed to find man's Eden in the jungle; and, instead of thinking of the first man as a little lower than the angels, we think of him as only a little higher than the brutes. We think of him as starting from this low beginning and, through long ages of experiment, of personal trial of this and that, climbing up slowly along the pathway of human progress, until he stands at the summit of modern civilization. And yet we do not think of him as having finished his career. Some of us, at any rate, choose to use those old and consecrated words, and to say, "Now are we sons of God"; but we are obliged to confess, when we have finished, that "it doth not yet appear what we shall

be." The outcome can only be pictured by a fervent and inspired imagination.

Under the old scheme of things, the first, the fundamental question was as to the origin of evil; but, under the new scheme of things, the corresponding question is as to the origin of good. We are not left to wonder and perplex ourselves over the problem how an infinitely wise and perfect God could make a perfect man, and then see his creation marred at the very outset, or to wonder why he permitted this invasion of his fair creation by the forms and forces of sin.

We are rather to study that more natural problem of man on the borders of the brute world, and to learn how, by natural processes, he unfolded all that is glorious, beautiful, prophetic in modern human nature.

In Paul's first letter to the Church in Corinth, he gave utterance in words, though he was speaking of another topic than ours to-day, to that which may well be taken as the underlying principle of all human life and human progress. He says, "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; afterward, that which is spiritual." This may fitly stand as a formula in which to express and sum up the principle of human evolution. Then, to use it for our own purpose and putting upon it our own interpretation, I wish to call your attention to the remarkable story of the transfiguration of Jesus. We need not disturb ourselves, this morning, by even raising, much less attempting to answer, the question as to whether this should be taken as a literal statement of fact. I wish rather to use it for its poetic, its illustrative significance; and I ask you to see there in that picture, which the gospel-writer has painted for us concerning one man, what has been true of the race. The gospel-writer pictures to you the inner, essential,

spiritual glory of this man bursting through the outer, commonplace, weary temple of humanity, and shows that within him there was something higher, something deeper than that which goes by the name of ordinary. Like the sun bursting through a cloud, the essentially human, which is the essentially divine, makes itself seen in rays of light and glory. What is said to have occurred, as an isolated fact and in a brief period of time, in regard to Jesus, may be taken as an illustration of that which is universal concerning the race, and which is wrought out through the long process of ages,— the transfiguration, not of one, but of the whole human race, the gradual unfolding, the outshining of the eternal, the essential, the deepest forces, the true, essential characteristics of humanity.

Go back however far we may, we are not able to reach the beginning of the history of our race. For, if we descend to the lowest discoverable level of barbarism and savagery, we are to remember that even there, as we look that brute-like man in the face, we are to think of a long reach of ages as back of him. He is not the beginning, the first: rather is he *en route*, far from the outset of his pilgrimage. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he is not at the beginning of his journey, but far on his way,— not finished yet, but looking forward, catching now and then a gleam of that city celestial which is to be seen only in the clarified vision of the highest and noblest souls.

We shall not be able then to go back to the beginning of human history any more than the highest civilization of the world to-day has attained the end. We see only a section, far from the outset, far also from the goal. But it seems necessary for the purpose that we have in hand to-day that we should be able imaginatively to picture something of what this transfiguration of humanity means; that we should draw,

if we can, some clear-cut, vivid, though brief outline of man at his lowest estate as we know him compared with man at his highest and best as we know him.

I wish to ask your attention then, while I shall try in a few brief words to put two or three of these contrasts before your minds; and I do this that you may comprehend something of what this transfiguration has already been, that you may thus get more clearly a conception of the promise that leads onward into the unseen.

Take the first man that we know of, merely in his outward physical aspect, close to the borders of the animal world, like a brute in form, in aspect, in characteristics, showing himself as nearer of kin to the highest animal life than the highest and noblest man of to-day is to him. This man, helpless, uncultured, with a lowly organized brain, no power of intellect, no development of morality, with untrained hands, toolless, weaponless, alone, having not discovered even the rudiments of the lowest, crudest civilization, without fire, without any of the means for controlling the forces of nature about him,—a man that we shrink from, and would almost be ready to deny our kinship with if we might,—there he stands at the beginning of the human race.

And what is he at the end? Need I stop to outline one faculty after another? Will it not be enough if I say Jesus; if I pronounce the name of one like Shakspere; if I recall to your mind a Newton, leaving this earth and dwelling among the stars; if I recall a name like Darwin, like Herbert Spencer; if I mention those great in intellect, great in character, great in sympathy, great in love, great in self-sacrificing devotion to truth in the interests of their fellow-men? Such a gulf as this has individual man passed over from the beginning, from the twilight dawn of human history until to-day.

Then glance at the contrast between the primeval home and the home of the modern world. What was then the starting-point? A cave, a mere shelter beneath an overhanging rock, a mere rude hut hardly up to the level of the architecture that is displayed by the beaver, unspeakably beneath the work of the ant and the bee; empty, containing nothing to minister to any higher sense or finer human faculty, only a place of shelter from rain and snow, in which he could not make himself comfortable by any artificial means. It was hardly more than a den, the cave of a wild beast; many a time perhaps — when he had gained strength and cunning enough — the very cave or den itself of which he had dispossessed its former inhabitants. Contrast with that the modern home such as all of us are accustomed to enjoy. Not only its architecture, its beauty, but think of how much it means, how much of that which man has unfolded from his own essential internal nature he has embodied in what we are accustomed to cover by that one simple word "home," — comfort, ease, beauty, peace, refuge, friendship, joy, love, literature, art, everything that man has devised to minister to the highest developed faculties of his being. Consider the contrast, the measureless distance traversed between the cave and the home.

Then, to single out one or two of the essential elements of the home, think what a range has been traversed by human art! At first, only a rude attempt at personal adornment growing out of pure selfishness and pride, or the faintest attempt at display, with no beauty, with nothing in it which is not revolting to the taste of the modern man. And then picture to yourself the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis of Athens, as an illustration of the world's architecture, the magnificent churches and cathedrals dotting all Europe, the picture galleries and statuary and all the thousand ways

through which man has given expression to the growing sense of beauty, this reaching out after the ineffable, the ideal; this giving expression to thoughts, feelings, emotions that the primitive man was not only utterly incapable of expressing, but of the very existence of which he had never dreamed. What a gulf is here between the savage daubed with colored soils and the Apollo Belvidere and the Parthenon!

Then consider the literary gulf that has been passed over. The primeval man with hardly a language developed, only a few simple sounds through which he attempted to express the few, primitive wants of his own selfish bestial being, and then conceive of the discovery of the alphabet, of movable type, of the whole outflowering of the modern world, the literature of Greece, of Rome, of Modern Italy and France and Germany and England and America. What an evolution of thought is here!

Then consider this contrast in regard to the development of life covered by the word "society." The manifestation of human sentiment and feeling was at first the purely selfish bestial feeling that hungers after personal animal gratification, and nothing more; but through age-long processes, out of this emotion purely selfish, that sought only animal gratifications, having no high human ideal, no love for his fellows, no regard for human love, no thought of the sacredness of humanity, no aspiration after human welfare,— from these lowly beginnings there have been developed all the patriotism, all the philanthropy, all the noble devotion and sentiment of kinship and brotherhood that enables us to put so much meaning into the simple opening words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father,"— the emphasis on the word "our,"— a sense of brotherhood. Through what strange ways has this development led!

Then just one more illustration, and this to call your attention to the difference between the early man's religion and the religion of to-day; for I suppose it is true that there has never been a man on the face of the earth so low that he has not had at least the first beginnings in his nature and life of that which we call religion to-day. And what was this religion? Only an abject fear, a cringing selfishness standing terrified in the presence of numberless forces that he could not comprehend, and that he knew no way of controlling; and he made tentative efforts this way and that to find out how he might buy these powers into at least letting him alone. He had no thought of kinship with them, of coming into communion with them, of loving them, of adoration, or aspiration toward their higher nature, only a selfish instinct of escape from threatened danger. Then think of what is covered by those words of Jesus so familiar that they are worn trite, and yet so profound that the race will never be able to exhaust their meaning: "God is spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Thus man entered into that worship which has lost all fear, which has lost the cringing selfish desire for merely personal benefit, and the root of which is admiration, that is lifted up in the presence of the thought of the beautiful, exalted by the feeling of the universal goodness, desiring no selfish salvation, but seeking rather the eternal welfare of the race.

I have attempted in this brief outline to give you something like an adequate picture of man at the beginning, and man as we have known him, the result of our experience. As I have already said, we are not to consider that this process is complete. Only a very small part of this world is as yet what we can properly call civilized; and it is my opinion that the highest civilization of to-day will be looked

back upon by our happier descendants as only a higher type of barbarism; and I believe that they will outrun us in external civilization and in intellectual and moral and spiritual development, and that they will seem as high above us as we seem to-day above those whom we think of as at least close to the beginning of human history.

Such, then, in the past has been the transfiguration of humanity. And now I want to call your especial attention to that which is the central meaning of this process, that which lies at the heart of it.

What has humanity been doing all this while? I do not believe, for one, in that theory which teaches us that all the good which has come to man has come to him from without, — has been poured into him from some external source, has descended from some supernatural sphere. I believe rather that it is the Divine which was at the beginning — the Divine at the root of human life — which has permeated all its progress, which has lifted it up, which has characterized its every step, and which has unfolded itself in every new, higher, and finer development of the race. It is not the God outside us sitting in some far-off sphere, but it is God within us, the Divine in the heart and soul of the race, lifting us up and working out the finer outflowering of human culture. It is not some external force simply, which, from the bulb buried in the dark mud at the bottom of the pond, slowly lifts it up and pushes it out of the slime to seek the sunlight at the surface, and unfold the delicate petals, till the white water lily exhales its exquisite fragrance: it is the power, the sacred, mystic power of life, which is at the heart of all, that grows and gradually unfolds. I believe, then, that this has been a purely natural process; and yet I do not believe in any nature apart from that which seems to me Divine. It is the Divine which is back of and beneath it, and which

manifests itself all through. It is the God in us working out more and more of beauty and development age after age.

I wish now to emphasize this, and illustrate the method by which this progress and transfiguration have taken place. I wish to call your attention to the origin of all the goodness, not the origin of the evil, in the world.

The world started crude; and all the good and beauty have come, not as the result of something had at the beginning, lost and recovered again, but something which has been slowly growing age by age. In developing this thought which I have in mind, I wish to touch the great problem of what science calls the egoistic and the altruistic emotions of men,—what we call the selfish and the unselfish instincts and passions of the race; and I wish to do what I can to redeem from what seems to me unmerited obloquy these selfish instincts and emotions.

Let me then outline for you the steps of some of the processes of which I have spoken, that you may see how it is that selfishness is a bulb that is capable of unfolding unselfishness as the flower; that you may see that selfishness and unselfishness are not antagonistic forces in the old sense of the word, one of them purely evil and the other purely good, one of them fighting against the other to overcome it. In these processes of which I speak, man has shown that one is the very root of all life, and that the other is the development of its finer essential nature.

Consider, then, the primitive man. He is simply an animal with a little more highly developed brain than his fellow-animals, that has learned to stand on his feet and use his fore-feet as hands. What are the impulses that move him at the beginning of his existence? Necessarily, they are purely selfish impulses. He starts out on the long career, which has resulted in human civilization, simply under the impulse

of two or three primitive greeds or hungers. He is hungry for bread, for food, and must seek it wherever he may. He hungers under the impulse of that great primitive passion which has bound the race up in families and out of which has been developed the highest, finest, and sweetest civilization of the world. He is driven on by purely selfish instincts and impulses. At the first, he has no care for any other being and has no thought of good to be conferred. He is simply an embodied appetite, and is seeking his personal gratification. But, in taking the first step which he must take to gratify his own primitive hunger, he takes that step which all men take in common with all other forms of life. He gives something of his own physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life to become the germ of the child-life that shall develop into his own likeness. It is at first a selfish impulse; but, in the gratification of it, he of necessity prophesies all the noblest, grandest, and highest self-sacrifice of the world. He gives a part of his very life simply in seeking his own personal gratification; and, when the child is born, he is selfish still. He thinks it is my child, a part of me, although an independent existence; and he loves the mother and the child, because they belong to him and are his own.

But here comes the development, along with this selfish love, of the first simple germ of sympathy. He sees that his wife and child are capable of suffering; and he begins to feel along with them, and is touched with tears or with a pain aching dully at his heart.

Let us take another step. Man has gone out of himself under the impulse of pure selfishness into the family; and, in order to do so, he has sacrificed part of his very life, and developed the first germs of sympathy. By and by, this family life broadens; and we find the tribe and the man at

the head of it. The tribe is made up of people united together by what they suppose to be blood relationship, kinship; and the man now finds himself caring for all the members of that particular tribe. He may hate everybody beyond it; probably he does. He may look upon them as rivals or enemies; but he cares for the members of his own tribe,— selfish still. He says, "It is *my* tribe." He has found it for his own welfare, for his own protection from wild beasts and from cold, that the tribe should be strong. So he cares for the tribe. By and by, the tribe broadens, till we find the ancient city. Take as an illustration the crowning city of Greece, Athens. Even a Plato could commend his fellow Athenians because they hated everybody that did not live in Athens just as cordially as they loved everybody that did. The bonds of sympathy were wide enough to include in their circuit all Athenians; but there was no sympathy for any one outside. They were all barbarians. Then we see how this sympathy, under the impulse of this primeval selfishness, broadens until it includes in its orbit still larger numbers of people. The city becomes a nation; and we have, for example, a people like that of modern England. Then, for the first time, patriotism in its broader sense has begun. The Englishman cares for the rights and welfare of every man that has the right to the protection of the English flag. He may consider it a virtue to hate a Frenchman; he may not care whether the rights of the French are intruded upon in some far-off land or not; but, if English citizenship is invaded in China, in India, in Central Africa, in the islands of the Southern Sea, all his patriotism is aflame. What does it mean? It means selfishness still. It means "I, as an Englishman, may some time be in China, in Central Africa, or in the islands of the Southern Sea, and my rights may be infringed, unless I,

as one member of the great country of England, stand up for the rights of all English citizens." And so, perforce, springing out of this root of self-regard, there comes this wide-spread patriotism, broad as the country to which it belongs.

Another step is taken, and we begin to see the dawn of which there was a little streak in the east even thousands of years ago,— a feeling like that which the old Latin poet expresses when he says, "I am a man, and nothing that concerns humanity is foreign to me"; a sentiment that Jesus and others of the great religious leaders of the world have given utterance to, a loving regard for the people of all nations dwelling under the whole heaven upon any part of the earth. This is selfish still. We see in these other men only duplicates of ourselves; and, as the result of the long experience of civilization, we have begun to wake up to the fact that the welfare of America is bound up with the welfare of England, and that the welfare of America and England is in the same boat with the welfare of France and Germany and Italy, and even the most distant and barbarous nations of the world. We are beginning to understand, as the result of human experience, and, as eternally humanly and divinely true, that the welfare of one is bound up with the welfare of all, and that the welfare of all can only be attained through the welfare of each. This, then, is the sentiment of humanity; and it is developed by purely natural processes.

This sentiment of sympathy which has been developed is extending beyond the limits of humanity; and we are beginning to put our arms around every sentient being, and to despise as barbaric the sentiment which disregards the happiness and welfare of any creature capable of feeling pain or joy. Not only this, but there is another marvellous development in this modern world, and almost exclusively

modern, too; and that is a sentiment of sympathy for even inanimate nature itself, so that we can hardly be persuaded that nature all through does not feel. I am not so sure that it is not true. I am inclined to believe that this whole universe is alive, and that, when we, with our poetic figures of speech, talk about our kinship with the mountains or sympathy with the sea, we are expressing a truth so deep and so high that we are only beginning dimly to comprehend it. There is a magnificent truth underlying those simple but profound words of Bryant, where he says: —

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

She talks to our hearts; and we call it poetry. She talks to our brains; and we call it science. She talks to our souls; and we call it religion. And I believe that, at the heart of poetry and science and religion, there is the one universal God.

I trust, then, that I have made plain what seems a profound and very important truth: that there is no necessary antagonism between the self-regarding instincts of the race and the highest and grandest unselfish devotion; but that out of this selfish root has developed and flowered all this which is best. I see no necessary antagonism between Jesus on the cross, the martyr with the flame kindled about his crackling flesh, as he stands firmly by his truth, and this primitive, crude, brutal, selfish man. He is the root, and these are the blossoms; and they have come through the natural, divine growth of this strange, human, godlike nature of ours.

What, then, as we look toward the future? The future development of the race must be in the same line and in

accordance with the same principles. What is the relationship that ought to subsist between the selfish and unselfish instincts and motives of the human heart and life? A great many people speak of themselves as selfish, when they only desire those things that they regard as good for themselves. That is not selfish, in the evil sense of the word. A man is selfish, in that sense which is to be condemned, only when he is willing to take his own personal gratifications and benefits at the expense of the well-being of others. That other instinct which seeks all the good in the world is no more evil than is the instinct of the plant which seeks the dew and the sun. What, then, is the relation between these two qualities?

It seems to me it is this. We have already seen that the selfish instinct, the self-regarding impulse, was first in order of time; and, of course, it was also first in order of importance. If it had not been dominant, the human race would have become extinct. I am ready to say that it is first to-day, not only in logical order, but also in order of importance. For you and I and all men must first seek our own lives, our own development, our own food, clothing, cultivation of mind, development of heart, sympathy, and religious impulses. We must seek these things first, as the very condition of unselfishness: for how can I give, unless first *I am and have?* How can I give money, food, clothing, intelligence, the influence of a good life, morality, religion, unless I first possess them?

Along with that, we have to learn the lesson of all history, and that the race is coming more and more to recognize,—that the end and highest object of these possessions is that we may share in common; and that we cannot possess, in the highest, noblest, and truest sense of the word, except through the process of bestowal; so that the two forces are at work continuously and in perfect harmony.

Had I time, I could show you that, in order to become intelligent, to acquire wealth and character, to attain anything that is good, I must join hands with my fellows, help them and let them help me. Thus, through this process of social life, this interchange of giving and taking, each individual and the whole human race is developed to the utmost degree possible.

Thus, then, man started a selfish animal; and, through the relation which he has sustained to the woman and the child, through the building of the home and the organization of society and the establishment of government, and by all the experiences that make up what we call human life, man has come to learn the lesson that this is one age-long, natural process of development, inspired and guided by that power which is at the heart of all, which is the life of all, and which religion calls God. And, when this process is completed, the vision of Tennyson shall be realized,—

"Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

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